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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The thing which we all really wish to know about the "Titanic" is not whether she was lost through the captain taking the wrong course or through the speed being too hot, or through the look-outs not being supplied with glasses. These matters are, of course, very important; and it rests with experts and officials to clear them up—or probably never to clear them up. Lord Mersey's strong enquiry is now at work. But what the world really wants to know is how the crew and the passengers held themselves; what men and women did, felt, said, and thought. It is not in the least degree a "morbid" wish, but a healthy wish; because human nature and the conduct of men and women in extreme plight are the most interesting study in the world—and, rightly considered, a thousand times more important than collapsible boats and longitudinal bulkheads, and even wireless telegraphy.

The great mass of the evidence collected this week by the American Commission and by the Press, taking the trustworthy with the untrustworthy, proves that the people of the "Titanic", drowned and saved, held themselves nobly. A Girondist scribbled on his prison wall when he recognised his fate, "Rebus in arduis facile est contemnere vitam". But the Girondists, or some of them, were poets and actors, and the truth seems to be that in such straits it is not the easiest but the hardest thing to scorn life. By the time the last boat was gone, and when the ship was terribly settling down, hundreds or a thousand of the crew and passengers must have known the end was at hand. Yet they bore themselves to admiration. It is a splendid thing to think of. It was the only mercy at the close, but a crowning one! The story of the engineers working on with the water up to their knees—there is nothing suppler in the annals of the sea. They are of the immortals.

We would rather not say anything further of, in some ways, the most pathetic figure in this drama, because sympathy can be awkward. But it is not possible to escape doing so, for Mr. Ismay remains the central figure, the observed of all. The evidence of this week, every scrap of it, goes to show that his accusers were too hasty and too brutal. He has been an extremely unfortunate man. Look at the matter how we will, and without the smallest prejudice in his favour, we cannot see a sign that he played the coward. He worked well to get the women and children off. He did not leave till the last boat; and he did not leave then till there were no more women willing to go or ready to go, and no men in any wise competing for places in that boat. Finally, all the stories that he fared sumptuously on the "Carpathia" have been proved false; as also the stories that he tried to suppress the truth about the loss of the "Titanic". That is the case for him. The case against him seems to be mainly one for armchair braves who deal in pot heroics.

"What shall a nation have in exchange for its own soul? A tax on imported butter!" is the epigram of the Home Rule debate so far; and all who care for the good things and rare things in political debate must be grateful to Mr. Churchill. But so much depends on the price of butter, and one is not at all sure that if the tax were put high enough the Irish farmer would not secretly vote it a good exchange. For if there is anything in the world that the debates on Home Rule and the traffic between Ministers and Nationalists have made absolutely clear, it is that the Irish are dead keen on the money side of the business. That is human nature no doubt. But we fear a creeping hypocrisy in Kelts who insist on talking of their souls when they are really out for a pound of our flesh.

In his speech Mr. Churchill kept clear largely of the carnal side of the business—that department they put into the skilled hands of Mr. Samuel. But it is not only the flesh and blood of the Bill—which we take to be the good cash England is to give to the Irish Nationalists—that Mr. Churchill refuses to attend to: it is the bones and framework of the Bill generally. He and Mr. Birrell and others have got "the modern eye". They are going to look at things from a new and

ennobling light. They are going to bury for ever all "the old dead body of spite". They are not going to waste their breath by breathing it on the dry bones of the Bill. We quite understand, and it is a clever move. But the eye is not quite so modern as some of the enthusiastic souls suppose. Nineteen years ago Lord Rosebery tried exactly the same move in his brilliant, emotional speech on the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords; and he afterwards found out that the "predominant partner" would have nothing to do with the soul trick when the game was nothing if not a purely carnal one.

For the rest, we must all welcome the change that has come over Mr. Churchill's oratory. Where once we had to seek our similes for his style in the severity of Feltham we may seek them better now perhaps in the sweetness of Sidney. At least his speech bringing in the second reading invites us, in its suavity, to invert a saying of Sidney and speak of him as one who "having quite lost the way of terribleness, straves to climb to the height of nobleness". The modern eye, at any rate the latest Liberal eye of all, even looks benignly at Ulster, it seems! We are very glad to note the change which Mr. James Douglas and the "Star" newspaper has brought about: those skilful political opticians are positively getting rid of the old Radical squint.

Mr. Churchill's speech was the feature of the first days of the debate, but if he supplied the soul Sir Robert Finlay brought good substance. We doubt, moreover, the modernity of the "Westminster Gazette's" lobby or gallery eye in seeing in Mr. Walter Long only one who makes "a noise" and "thumps the table". That is surely the very, very old party style of saying in print that your leaders are all great and wise men, and your opponents are asses. Mr. Long speaks, as a fact, with a great experience of Ireland, and if he does not affect literary airs and graces he stands for character—unsullied character—and for the splendid old tradition of the English country gentleman. But we suppose the Liberal dogs can yap now, for another generation will, at the present rate of rushing down, about see ended the tradition that held England high: by a little irony Rood Ashton was announced to let in one or two Radical anti-landowners' papers only the other day!

Mr. Long has, moreover, a claim to general respect in the steadiness of his faith. We think it was Halifax the Trimmer who held that in this world men are saved by want of faith. If so, Mr. Long's chance is passing small. Unlike several of the distinguished men whom the Prime Minister puts into his first line for the Home Rule debate this week, Mr. Long has never tried his fortune in the opposite camp. One need not insist that a politician should always wear the same coat; that might be a plea for monotony; but one rather suspects the type that is prone to view its wardrobe like Hastings and Marlow—the one question being, Will the blue or the red tell the more in the eyes of the suitors? Mr. Long and his type have never dressed to this end.

With Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Grey the debate grew even suaver than with Mr. Churchill. Here was the old style at its stateliest. Here was sweetness and light truly—Mr. Balfour, the pink of courtesy, putting considerably five historical posers to Sir Edward Grey, and Sir Edward Grey replying with the softness of the dove and the wisdom of the serpent, "Ask me another". It is all very agreeable, and it is all in order that there should be truces of the kind during the first and second reading stages. But we cannot afford to go through on these lines; if we were to, then "Heaven help the Union and God help Ulster". The wild cat of Home Rule is out. Our business is not to groom it, but to grill it. And in the process of grilling we shall need to apply plenty of the fresh mustard of Mr. Bonar Law and of the cayenne of Sir Edward Carson.

The other day we quoted a Liberal paper as saying naïvely that even a Conservative M.P. might be believed if he "seemed" to be speaking the truth. But Lord Charles Beresford—who made a delightful speech—scarcely "seems" to do so when he talks of some one having knocked him down once in Ireland. Many of us think we know of too many men whom Lord Charles has knocked down to believe that the boot has ever been on the other leg. Mr. Agar Robarts, a Liberal, spoke so violently against the Bill that he had to pull himself up at the close and declare that he would vote for the second reading—and then give it a good thrashing in Committee. We commend Mr. Robartes to Sir F. C. Gould for one of his "Hatter" sketches.

Sir Edward Carson has accepted the challenge of Mr. Will Thorne. Moreover, he insists on a battle. Mr. Thorne's charge that the Government "when prosecuting poor men in England for sedition has neglected to prosecute rich men in Ireland for much graver offences" he describes as "detestable and untrue". Mr. Thorne's motion in this sense was not reached on Wednesday of last week; and Sir Edward Carson insists that Mr. Thorne shall stick to his charge, and make it good in the House of Commons. Mr. Thorne answers that he will ask another question about it—which, on Thursday, he did; and gave Mr. Lansbury the opportunity to draw a sharp reproof from Mr. Speaker. But, as Sir Edward Carson has keenly said: "I think you and your friends are in a position to exercise much more pressure on the Prime Minister to grant facilities than by a mere question in the House".

Radical papers, or their scribes, have been trying to smile, though rather sickly, at Sir Robert Finlay and Lord Willoughby de Broke's warning that Ulstermen would fight if Home Rule were imposed on them. We heard similar talk of fighting, they say, if the Parliament Bill passed. But they forget that the Peers were led by Lord Lansdowne; the Ulstermen are led by Sir Edward Carson. We do not think he will advise his followers to run away.

The Bishops in Convocation have condemned the Welsh Disestablishment Bill by twenty-one votes to three. The Bishops of Oxford, Hereford, and Lincoln have the distinction of being the three dissentients, who approve of divorce between the State and religion and the diversion to secular uses of means now devoted by the Church spiritually. This seems strange loyalty in a Bishop to his Church. It is not the way to inspire confidence. One would rather not go hunting with these men. If they believe in Disestablishment and wish to strip the Church for the State's benefit, let them resign their bishoprics, and we could respect them and honour their honesty. Dr. Gore's position is the most ambiguous of all. Hear him talking to "Young Liberals". He advises them to give up undenominationalism. As if he did not know that Nonconformists hold that an even more sacred article of Liberalism than Disestablishment itself. It may soothe Dr. Gore's conscience to pray them drop undenominationalism; it will do nothing else, as he must know quite well.

There is a point, by the way, about the Welsh Disestablishment Bill Churchmen might look into more closely than they have. Is it not quite possible that, as the Bill stands, the Synod or representative assembly might not only contain Nonconformists, but an actual non-Church majority? There seems no limitation to Church laymen either as electors or members. If this is so, Nonconformist Radicals would no doubt organise themselves to secure a majority on the governing body of the disestablished Church. This at least wants clearing up.

Professor Pollard in his latest contribution to the controversy on the Cecil property opens up a really staggering prospect. Granting Lord Hugh's legal right, he questions his moral right, to enjoy property questionably acquired no matter how many generations or how many centuries ago. Time cannot be a moral

limitation. Conceive the situation: whose property, if he can trace it back far enough, does not begin in war or violence of some sort? What is the origin of property but force? What a general post it would be if we all acted on Professor Pollard's view, and how the knaves would thrive in the confusion! No, there must be some end to moral responsibility as well as to law.

Rarely indeed does a Government answer so honestly as this Government did on Tuesday by its spokesman Mr. Bottomley. Mr. Harold Smith had introduced in very lively style a useful little bill to remove a lie from the Statute book, being the preamble to the Parliament Act. Mr. Bottomley "on behalf of the Government" admitted that they had no intention now of carrying out this preamble; they had come to the conclusion that an emasculated Senate was the best compromise. We congratulate Mr. Asquith on finding a spokesman who knows the Premier's mind so well and can make it so clear to the House.

Late on Wednesday Mr. Grant moved the House of Commons to express its opinion "that immediate steps should be taken by the Government to ensure the co-operation of the medical profession to the administration of the Insurance Act, and that until such co-operation is ensured the Act will fail efficiently to provide medical benefit". Mr. Lloyd George, to the surprise of the House, accepted the motion. The Government had refused to postpone the Act till the medical problem is solved by agreement, and Mr. George himself suggested towards the end of his speech on Wednesday that the doctors' co-operation was not strictly necessary, so that Mr. Grant's motion was obviously for the Government a motion of censure. Why, then, was it at the last moment so meekly accepted? The explanation is that the Government had failed to whip in enough members to make a division safe. The Unionists were in force; whereas the Radicals are already heartily sick of the insurance muddle.

Mr. George's speech was in his best manner of "Come, let us reason with one another". He admitted that the payment of doctors in some districts under contract practice is scandalous, and he emphasised his accessibility to argument in dealing with the doctors' grievances. Mr. Lloyd George has not abandoned all hope of agreement. He is evidently expecting great things of the Advisory Committee. A vein of contradiction was clear, both in argument and tone, throughout the speech. On the one hand he shows that he is extremely conscious of the immense difficulty of working the Act without preliminary agreement with the doctors. (This makes him extremely careful to appear moderate and reasonable.) On the other hand he seems obviously determined to start working the Act, with the doctors or without. There was, by the way, one rather notable remark: "I do not say it will be possible to put through an arrangement with the medical profession without inviting the House to make some additional provision for medical attendance".

Other Radical newspapers will do well to take warning by the awful example Mr. Claude Hay has made of the "Star." In its zeal to damage Mr. Hay for the benefit of Dr. Addison in Hoxton the "Star" made grave accusations against Mr. Hay. Unfortunately for the "Star" these accusations were false, and the "Star" has had to pay for its malice to the tune of £2500. Not unnaturally it tried to escape so heavy a penalty by appeal; but cold comfort enough did it get from the Appeal Court, which not only unanimously refused a new trial, but rubbed in the "Star's" iniquities with vigour. Lord Justice Farwell, for instance, "thought the conduct of the defendants" (the "Star" Company) "discreditable in every way". On the whole Radical blackguarding of Unionist candidates at election times has had pretty severe punishment in the Courts. This crowns a longish series.

Mr. Balfour at the Sociological Society on Tuesday approached Syndicalism more as political philosopher

than economist. He thinks that many working men have turned to Syndicalism in disappointment with democracy. The millennium which was to come from representation in the House of Commons seems further off than ever; and they have begun to turn from political organisation to the organisation of particular industries. Mr. Balfour himself asks us to learn from the failure of democracy that "you cannot get out of human beings, however you distribute or redistribute them, more than they have to give you"; and he urges that we should deduce from that the supreme value of education. As to Syndicalism and its doctrines Mr. Balfour said not without contempt: "I doubt whether this new theory of rights a century hence will be criticised in less scornful language than that which we are apt to bestow upon the extreme view of abstract rights which was fashionable a century ago".

The Turkish Government has happily seen its way to reopen the Dardanelles to neutral shipping. This is, of course, subject to the right of Turkey to close them again when and if it should seem necessary. Certainly Turkey would have been in no way to blame, had she kept the straits closed for an indefinite time. The safety of Constantinople must be the paramount care of the Government, and Italian action had shown that there was danger in leaving the Dardanelles open. As it is, the Turkish Government judges it to be safe for the time to open the straits again. British shippers may very well rejoice that it does; for the daily loss owing to delay and deterioration of cargo was great and growing. Other countries were also suffering, of course, notably Russia, but more than half the shipping held up was British. It is not against Turkey that the loss incurred must be charged. That is very certain.

Two ships have now been blown up by mines in the Dardanelles. Naturally this makes all countries the more anxious for the Tripolitan war to end, and most of them probably would not stand on the order of its ending, so it did end. But at present nothing points that way: there is nothing that gives any probability to the amiable aspiration of Count Berchtold, the new Austrian Foreign Minister, that the continued efforts of the Powers may result in a settlement acceptable to both belligerents. The Porte's answer, lately published in full in the "Times", leaves no room for settlement; for it says no arrangement will be considered that does not include the withdrawal of all Italian claims on the Tripolitan. Italy, on the other hand, insists on absolute annexation. So the war neither ends nor moves to any end. Generally Count Berchtold's speech was optimistic and pacific all round. We are assured that any bad feeling that arose out of "temporary misunderstandings" of the Bosnia crisis is now a thing of the past. We hope so. Certainly no one misunderstood that situation more than Sir Edward Grey.

At Choisy-le-Roi it was the same problem as at Sidney Street—to take, living or dead, two desperate ruffians without a needless sacrifice of lives. The "siege" took a very similar course. First a fusillade of police with M. Lepine (in Mr. Churchill's old part) directing the fire; next the arrival of soldiers, and a telephoning for field-guns. The field-guns were not wanted at Choisy-le-Roi owing to the courage of Lieutenant Fontan of the Republican Guard. Though discouraged by M. Lepine, who thought the risk great and unnecessary, he advanced under fire, and finally succeeded in fixing a fuse that ended things for Bonnot and Dubois. All this we should have called mock-heroics, did not Sidney Street forbid.

It was unwise of Mr. Taft to accept Mr. Roosevelt's invitation to a wrangle of epithet. Mr. Roosevelt was bound to prove the better man. Mr. Taft could not hope to equal—perhaps he would not care—Mr. Roosevelt's "It's a bad trait to bite the hand that feeds you". There is nothing meaner than for a benefactor to make the protégé feel his obligation. Besides, wherein has Mr. Roosevelt shown himself the benefactor of Mr. Taft? It is true that Mr. Roosevelt to serve his private

ends put Mr. Taft into the chair. Why should Mr. Taft be grateful? Mr. Roosevelt put him in as warming-pan and now is furious because Mr. Taft declines the part.

This quarrel has led to the publication of an important letter Mr. Taft wrote to Mr. Roosevelt in January 1911 about reciprocity between Canada and the United States. In this Mr. Taft urged that as a result of reciprocity Canada would become "an adjunct of the United States". Precisely what Canadian Conservatives everywhere said. Mr. Foster has already filled in the picture from the Canadians' point of view: "Her business was to go to Chicago and New York with her bank credits and everything else, and her manufacturing was to be done by that country".

The interim report of the Departmental Committee on Tuberculosis is intended as a guide to the various local bodies who are to share in administering the Insurance Act. The Insurance Committees and very many local authorities, such as County Councils, sanitary authorities, the Metropolitan Asylums Board and education authorities, and many voluntary associations, have some kind of duty or other with cases of tuberculosis. Under the Act some £800,000 is to be distributed on treatment and £1,500,000 in grants for sanatoria, so that insured members may be treated in suitable buildings that have to be erected or otherwise provided. It is with the object of advising how the various bodies may best work that the Committee report.

Their main idea is in each area to have dispensaries and sanatoria in connexion; the dispensaries being receiving-houses for diagnosing and settling the difference of treatment for various patients; the sanatoria being places of various sorts to which the patients may be sent for suitable treatment. Sanatoria does not necessarily mean special hospitals, though these are to be such. The Committee advises as to the number of dispensaries to population, the sort of medical officers to be employed, their salaries, and so on. It is under no delusion as to magical cures in sanatoria; and local bodies have their attention impressively drawn to the complexity of the whole problem. It insists on the necessity for the hearty co-operation of all medical practitioners with the dispensaries and sanatoria; and the medical men are still in revolt!

It would be impossible to disentangle the farrago of lies in the spiritualist case and assign them to each miserable wretch in proper proportion. The advantage to shady persons charged with obtaining money on false pretences from other shady persons, as the mediums Mr. and Mrs. Izard were, is that the shady accuser—in this instance Syms a solicitor—will not be believed. Mr. and Mrs. Izard have been discharged not on their own merits but because now nobody could believe a word from a person of such diseased mind as Syms has shown himself to be. He is a psychological curiosity; possibly believing in spiritualism and duped by the mediums, yet using spiritualistic practices as a cover for immorality.

Barristers who wander about the Courts, picking up more rumours and reports than briefs, are putting certain things together, and drawing inferences as to changes imminent on the Bench and in the Government. They are noting that the Solicitor-General has been brought into the "Titanic" Inquiry at the last moment. This is taken to imply that the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General were not originally intended to be both in the case, and that now they will not long remain together. Sir John Simon will find himself Attorney-General and leader, vice Sir Rufus Isaacs—resigned to become Lord Chief Justice. Nicely to round off the story, Mr. Buckmaster K.C. has announced that after an early date he will not accept briefs in his ordinary practice; and Mr. Buckmaster is a well-known prospective Liberal Solicitor-General. Unfortunately Lord Alverstone's health cannot be cited to disprove the story.

THE FEDERAL ILLUSION.

THE Second Reading phase of the Home Rule Bill has been marked by a certain recrudescence of the Federation project, if anything so vague and visionary can be so described. A reference to this idea was the most specific contribution to the controversy contained in Mr. Churchill's rather eloquent, and unexpectedly moderate, but distinctly insubstantial, Second Reading speech. Mr. Churchill's admiration for Mr. Gladstone has perhaps led him to adopt one of that Master's favourite dialectical methods. No one was more adept in evading awkward argumentative points by soaring into the empyrean of amiable sentiment and imposing aspiration. The discourse of the First Lord of the Admiralty was throughout in the message-of-peace vein of the Gladstonian era. He said hardly anything about the details of the Bill, and simply waved the whole financial section to one side; preferring to enlarge on Irish virtues and Irish hopes, and the unimportance of the whole Irish question compared with the necessity for arranging matters comfortably between the two "peoples". But he urged that the present measure is only a part of a larger scheme, to be developed in the fulness of time, a scheme of federation. "We feel that the growth of business requires a complete re-casting of our parliamentary machine. We intend this Bill to be the forerunner of a general system of devolution in the United Kingdom; we are sure it is an indispensable preliminary to any such reform or any larger improvement in Imperial organisation". When that "intention" is likely to take effect, Mr. Churchill did not say. We may wait for it till such time as the draft embodied in the Preamble of the Parliament Act is presented for payment.

Nevertheless there is some astuteness in throwing out the hint, vague though it be, at this moment. Federation appeals to many persons who shrink from Home Rule when they are brought fairly face to face with it. They do not like the idea of separation, nor can they acquiesce in the thought of setting up another kingdom, or even a colony, within the British seas. But when the proposal is bundled round with devolutionary and federalist wrappings they do not so much mind touching it. After all, they say, Federalism is in the air; it is the essentially modern mechanism of administration, and most advanced communities have adopted it; if it does so well for the United States, Germany, Australia, Canada, it could scarcely be ruinous for the United Kingdom. Of course it is understood that the kingdom would remain united. The Imperial Parliament would become more truly imperial than ever, being left to deal with high matters of State, the Empire, diplomacy, and the like, while Englishmen, Scots, Welshmen, as well as Irishmen, would be left free to attend to their various local affairs in their several local Assemblies. Home Rule for Ireland, as a department or sub-section of Home Rule "all round" and strictly limited, loses some of its terrors for those who do not take the trouble to understand the facts.

Certain Unionist publicists chose to dally with this suggestion in the autumn of 1910, much to the delight of the Radicals and Nationalists, and rather to the dismay of some of their own more cautious readers. For ourselves we said at the time that the whole performance was exceedingly ill-judged, and we have seen no reason to alter our opinion. The "conversion" of the Conservative journalists, so unscrupulously used by their opponents, was indeed speedily retracted when it was apparent that Mr. Redmond had no more intention than his predecessors of being put off with any devolution that did not include an Irish Parliament and an Irish Cabinet; and that he was not in the least disposed to wait for the Hibernian pound of flesh till that obviously distant day when England and Scotland could also be accommodated with legislative assemblies. But the promulgation of this Federal theory, with the suggestion that it might be possible, by some kind of dexterous jugglery, to take the Union to pieces without

breaking it up, could only do mischief, especially when it came out under respectable Unionist patronage. This week the mischief-making "Pacificus" of the "Times" has emerged to explain that All-Round Federalists cannot possibly accept Mr. Asquith's Bill. He points out that Union is one thing and Federation another. You may contrive to make shift with either, but you cannot get along with a very incomplete mixture of both. It is not possible, he adds, to turn a Union into a Federation by stages. "You cannot have one part of the country federalised and another part not federalised." Also it is laid down that the essential condition of a Federal arrangement is that it should consist of not fewer than two units of an equal status entirely independent of one another and entirely without responsibility to one another. The second condition is that there shall be one supreme authority in which all the units are represented fairly and equitably. "This is the essence of a Federation; that the various Federal units should accept the headship of a supreme Federal authority, and that they should neither make nor meddle in one another's domestic affairs."

It is of course extremely easy for "Pacificus" to show that the Bill does not comply with the terms of his definition. It does not create a true Federation between England and Ireland, which could only be done—if we take either the American, the Canadian, or the Australian model—by instituting a separate Parliament or several separate Parliaments in Great Britain, in addition to the Irish Parliament and the Imperial Parliament or Federal Congress. If there is to be any subordinate Parliament, there must be more than one; otherwise we get a body which is both the Supreme Legislative Authority for the Kingdom and the local Legislature for England, Scotland and Wales. The superior Parliament will be required to perform its superior functions and the domestic functions of the particular unit or units as well, which things "Pacificus" feels convinced it cannot "by any ingenuity of man" be enabled to accomplish.

No doubt he is quite right. It is a pity he did not envisage the difficulties in the way of Federalism more clearly before he gave his encouragement to the notion that the Irish question might somehow or other be settled on this basis. He condemns the present scheme because it is only sham Federalism; but no practicable measure could be anything else. Mr. Asquith has always been a Federalist in principle and we have no reason to suppose that his ingenuity is inferior to that of "Pacificus", or any other constitutional theorist. If he has failed to arrange Home Rule on a true federal basis, it is because the thing cannot be done. It is easy enough in the library, or for that matter in the newspapers, to talk of units of equal status, "independent and entirely without responsibility to one another" and so forth. But these conditions do not exist as between the several parts of the United Kingdom. England and Ireland are not and cannot be "units of equal status", and indeed Ireland is not a "unit" at all. Nor can the country with forty millions of people divest itself of responsibility for the country of four millions, especially as it will have to provide its partner with a considerable portion of its annual income and collect its revenues. Moreover, if the genuine federal relation could be established, it would not be accepted by the Nationalist leaders. They would not have Mr. Birrell's Councils Bill, and they made it perfectly clear that they were not going to be fobbed off by "the devolution sham". The weakest point of the Federalist movement is that it deals in a commodity for which there is no market. Nationalist Ireland repudiates it; Ulster does not want it; and the Irish peers, landlords, and professional men who favour it are estimable and well-meaning but too exiguous in numbers to count. Nor is it wanted in England or Scotland, or so far as we have any reason to know officially even in Wales. Possibly an agitation in its favour might be worked up in two of these countries and eventually a colourable demand might be created even in the third. But the plant would require long and careful culture and diligent watering before it

could even push its shoots above the soil. If Ireland is to wait till Englishmen become enthusiastic Federalists, she will have to wait long indeed; and Mr. Redmond and his friends would be much less sagacious than they are if they left the fruition of their hopes to hang on that "far-off divine event". Nor has anybody been able to outline a Federal scheme which could work well when the "units" are so few in number and so disparate in population and resources as the four "nations" of our Kingdom. The Federation idea is so conveniently misleading that Liberals are naturally tempted to introduce it at every opportunity. It is a pity that some Unionists have played into their hands by loose thinking and loose writing upon this mischievous fantasy.

THE SIX AND A HALF MILLIONS.

MUCH of the time spent on the discussion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's resolution to suspend the Sinking Fund was diverted to the important but quite irrelevant subject of the land duties. It is in this way that Mr. Lloyd George is allowed to wriggle out of his engagements: a wide surface is presented to him, over which he slithers with the ease born of practice. Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Robert Cecil were the only speakers who kept to the point, and they could get no satisfaction out of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. At the end of the financial year (31 March 1912) there was a realised surplus of revenue over expenditure of £6,500,000. By the law, embodied in a statute passed thirty-six years ago by Sir Stafford Northcote, this surplus must be paid over to the National Debt Commissioners for the redemption of Consols, unless applied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to some specific purpose in the Budget of the coming year. What Mr. Lloyd George has done has never been done before, for he has not paid the surplus to the National Debt Commissioners, and he has not applied it to any specific purpose in the Budget. The Sinking Fund obligation has often been suspended, wholly or partially, by previous Chancellors of the Exchequer, generally under the exigency of a war, but the suspension has always been accompanied by a specific appropriation to another object, coming within the expenditure of the current year. Mr. Lloyd George will neither hand over his surplus to the National Debt Commissioners, nor will he say what he is going to do with it. On the contrary, he carries by the Ministerial majority a resolution, on which a bill will be grounded, to suspend the Sinking Fund, but leaving him perfectly free to do with the £6,500,000 just what he pleases. On the introduction of the Budget the Chancellor of the Exchequer alluded, in those vague and awful terms which are consecrated to the humbugging mystery of our foreign policy, to the possibility of increased naval expenditure owing to correspondent action on the part of Germany. He also hinted loosely and darkly at the results of the coal strike, which for some reason unintelligible to us might entail upon the Government an expenditure of millions. The members of Opposition were and are quite willing to allow the Chancellor of the Exchequer a free hand in dealing with his surplus, provided he will pledge himself, in general language, to spend it upon naval requirements. But when he was really cornered on Monday by Mr. Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would give no such pledge—nay, he let the cat out of the bag by declaring that Mr. Winston Churchill could not possibly spend anything like the amount of the surplus on the Navy during the current year. This opens out a new vista of financial adventure. Is the surplus realised in one year to be carried forward into the year after the current year? Is a surplus realised in April 1912 to be carried forward to the year 1913-14? If so, the whole basis of our financial system, namely the annual voting of the supplies for the year, is destroyed, as Lord Robert Cecil clearly and forcibly demonstrated. What Charles and James did, or tried to do, was just the carrying forward of moneys granted by Parliament, and what "the great and glorious"

Revolution prevented was the practice. It is quite possible that Mr. Lloyd George, backed by a motley majority of Radicals, Irish repealers, and Labour-Socialists, may succeed in evading the financial control of the House of Commons, or rather the shadow of it which remains; but we were glad to notice that Mr. Mason, the Liberal member for Coventry, entered a grave protest against the Chancellor of the Exchequer's defiance of constitutional restrictions. It is true that the Chancellor of the Exchequer did repeat on Monday his nebulous allusions to possible developments in German dockyards, and even asked the House not to press him on the point, an appeal that was met by Mr. Chamberlain in the conventional way. But the moment Mr. Lloyd George admitted that the money could not possibly be spent this year, he gave away his case as far as the Navy is concerned. As for the coal strike, how can this possibly entail additional expenditure upon the Government? That many individuals have lost large sums of money, and that many more have suffered privation—not so very great after all—by the coal strike may be conceded. But what has this to do with the Government? The revenue from beer, spirits and dutiable commodities may be a little less than was estimated; but it is hardly possible that it can be so much less as to produce a deficit, or if it does that is a matter for the next Budget. Is it possible that Mr. Lloyd George contemplated, when he introduced the Budget, the expenditure of some £6,000,000 on military movements for the suppression of the coal strike? If he did, the possibility of such expenditure has long since passed away—unless indeed the Government have private information that another national strike is being hatched by the trade unions whom they have emancipated from the law. There is some secret about this hoarding of the surplus for possible contingencies in connexion with lawless labour: or it is pretended that there is. Let us have the mystery explained. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer has any national, valid reason for asking to be entrusted with the discretionary application of his six millions, he would do well to take the nation into his confidence. From the lowest party point of view it would be wise to put his cards on the table, for if there is any real danger lurking in the background, the Chancellor of the Exchequer can rely on hearty and unanimous national support. As it is, by his mystifications and shufflings and evasion of pledges the Chancellor of the Exchequer merely confirms the fear of all serious financiers—that he suspends the Sinking Fund in order to “play with” a surplus of six millions, probably in subsidising some new and reckless policy of Socialism.

THE WELSH SPOILS BILL—THE ITEMS.

IF a Minister wishes to say nothing on the first reading of a Bill, there are two courses open to him. He can bow to the Speaker and say nothing; or he can speak for an hour and say nothing. Mr. McKenna in introducing the Welsh Disestablishment Bill chose the second course. It was introduction by reference. Legislation by reference we have all censured; administration by reference we have most of us endured. It was left to the Home Secretary to give the first conspicuous example of introduction by reference. The process is simple. The Minister grasps some scores of foolscap notes, approaches the table, and explains at great length to an expectant House that it is unnecessary to produce either arguments, statistics, or explanations, because ten or twenty or thirty years ago a predecessor in office introduced a similar Bill with facts and figures to support it. And so it came about that until the Bill was circulated next day the one light that emerged from the encircling gloom was that Mr. McKenna had raised his bid from 1s. 6d. to 6s. 8d. The Bill is now published, and it is possible to check Mr. McKenna's arithmetic. But before the pence comes the principle. “On the first day of July next”, so runs Clause I., “after the passing of this Act (in this Act referred

to as the date of Disestablishment) the Church of England, so far as it extends to and exists in Wales and Monmouthshire (in this Act referred to as the Church in Wales) shall cease to be established by law, and, save as by this Act provided, no person shall, after the passing of this Act, be appointed or nominated by His Majesty or any person, by virtue of any existing right of patronage, to any ecclesiastical office in the Church in Wales.” Not without reason does Disestablishment take the most prominent place in the Established Church (Wales) Bill. Its supporters have consistently attempted to concentrate the country's attention on it, and to say nothing about Disendowment. Mr. Birrell, for instance, addressing a joint luncheon party of the Protestant Dissenting Deputies (whoever they may be) and the Liberation Society a few weeks ago, joked at length about Disestablishment but never said a word about Disendowment. Disendowment is too crude—so the “Times” tells us—for many Radical members, to say nothing of several Nonconformist ministers. And so they never mention it, its name is never heard—if they can help it. In the Bill it is the expulsion of the Welsh Bishops from the House of Lords and Convocation, the dissolution of cathedral and ecclesiastical corporations in Wales, the abolition of ecclesiastical law and of the present system of patronage. Outside the Bill it means, as everyone knows, the break-up of an efficient parochial system and all the attendant hardships upon poor men and women in the most solemn moments of their lives.

The second chapter in the process is headed “Vesting of Property”. This respectable phrase refers, of course, to the equally respectable description of the Bill in the title “A Bill to make provision in respect of the temporalities thereof”. Not even the Government draughtsman can bring himself to write “Disendowment”. Here of course we get back to 6s. 8d. But even the 6s. 8d. is doubtful, for it depends on the policy of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty. Let us, however, assume that they will continue their contributions. It would be a pity if Mr. McKenna lost his lawyer's fee. Upon this assumption the Welsh chapters and parishes will be robbed of £173,000 out of their present income of £260,000. Four Bishops, their Deans, Chapters, and 1600 clergy will, so soon as the present vested interests have expired, be left with £87,000 a year with which to carry on their work. Out of 984 incumbencies 220 will be left without a penny, in seventy-five others there will be 5s. a week for the parochial ministry. And this is Mr. McKenna's word of comfort to the penniless parson: “The Church, if it, as it will do, takes advantage of its freedom, will be able to effect such a better organisation of its resources that without in the least imperilling its spiritual work in Wales it will be able to effect economies which will leave it probably quite as well off as it is to-day”. Surely Mr. Lloyd George was more honest when he said some time ago that parsons were as good sport as pheasants. Let Mr. McKenna openly confess that this is a Bill to pauperise the poor parson; if he says so, he will excite to a revivalist enthusiasm the tabernacle men behind him. So far he has adopted a different line in sanctimoniously announcing to the House that the Church will be not only the better but the richer for losing 13s. 4d. from every pound of its income. Let us see how he does the sum. First he gives us the cathedrals; in 1895 Mr. Asquith proposed to let the Commissioners keep them for the purposes of pandemonium and pandemonism. Though it is hard to see how they could be wheeled away in a barrow, they are to be counted to the Church for a great sum of endowment. Then there are the life interests of the existing clergy. Mr. McKenna says they are worth £62,000 a year. We dare to think that no life office would look at so uncertain a risk, and it is difficult to see how by the widest stretch of the imagination the personal compensation of vested interests can be called endowment. Last, but not least, there are the voluntary offerings of Churchmen. This is the first time the widow's mite has been classified as permanent revenue. The sum

total of all this is not 9d. for 4d., but 6s. 8d. for 6d. "The real issue", writes Mr. Lloyd George in a preface to a recent pamphlet, "has been obscured by a cloud of irrelevant and inaccurate statistics, beaten up by one or two imaginative ecclesiastics." Upon the principle therefore that the more the State takes the more the Church will have, a series of ingenious devices are adopted to take as much as possible and let nothing escape. If the property is English property in Wales, it is to be taken; if it is Welsh property in England, it will also be taken. Where the county boundary will extend the area of spoliation, the county boundary is adopted; where the diocesan boundary is more effective, Mr. McKenna takes the diocesan boundary. Border parishes will be at the mercy of the Commissioners. Private property will be swept into the pool. Not even the churchyards will be left to the Church; they go to the parish councils. The representative body constituted under the Bill will have to purchase its own glebe at the price determined by the Commissioners. For the benefit of the Irish Church Mr. Gladstone commuted the life interests of the clergy at a generous sum. No kind of commutation is possible under Mr. McKenna's proposals. Patrons are to be compensated not by the market value of their living but by "such an amount as the Welsh Commissioners may think just, so however that the total amount paid by way of compensation in respect of any benefice shall not exceed one year's emoluments of the benefice". Curates and pew-openers are to be turned adrift with nothing; they probably do not possess votes.

These are the proposals that have led the Chairman of the Liberation Society to say that "the Bill was very generous, and the Council of the Liberation Society was not quite certain that it was not too generous. It was generous in leaving a bit of Establishment and too much money behind it".

It is curious that in the same speech in which the Bishop of Oxford was advocating the minimum wage to the National League of Young Liberals he declared his support of a Bill for the pauperisation of Welsh parsons. The Bishop of Oxford said that he had "a kind heart and a sound conscience". What principle, save the brute force of an election majority, is he supporting by his action? The old Liberation idea of freeing the Church has been thrown on the scrap-heap. The Disestablished Church, or rather the re-Established Church, is to be bound down by cunning devices of "implied" contract tempered by mob government. Even the Appeal Court of the Archbishop is to remain, though how you are to get there when the Courts of first instance have been abolished it is difficult to see. The Church is not even to be allowed to regulate the constitution of its own assembly, an assembly much older than Parliament, for Convocation is to be forcibly purged of the Welsh Bishops. The Bishop of Oxford, who has the name to be a distinguished social reformer, is supporting a Bill that is admittedly inflicting great hardship on many and doing no one any good. Not even—so says Mr. Ellis Griffith—are the Nonconformists going to gain. Mr. Ellis Griffith makes an exception in favour of his constituents. The Anglesea rates, he tells them, will be reduced by the spoils of the Church. Under the Bill the spoils of the Church can, it is true, become grants-in-aid to the rates. But how much will the ratepayers get? The spoliation of an ancient institution is an expensive business, and the first charge on the funds is the cost of tearing an ancient institution into two, and taking an inventory of its property. M. Combes' job was an easier one; the Law of Separation was a simpler proposal; there was none of the complicated questions of date and origin, of pre-1662 or Ecclesiastical Commission or Queen Anne's Bounty; it was robbery unqualified by detail. And yet what happened to the thirty millions of the Church in France? Belgian Jews may know; the French taxpayer has not seen any of them. So it will be with the Welsh Bill. The ratepayers of Anglesea will look in vain for a fall in the rates. They will have mutilated an ancient Church only to be hoaxed by the promises of impious politicians.

THE PARIS MOTOR BANDITS.

PARIS and its environs have been living under a reign of terror for the last six weeks. Humble bank messengers have been killed as they carried their weekly remittances from one bank to another through one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the capital of France in broad daylight. Chauffeurs and the other occupants of motor cars have been shot, while their motors have been commandeered for further outrages. Banks have been held up as they used to be in the days of the Australian bushrangers and Californian desperadoes, and the whole population of a sporting centre on the public highway has been held at bay while the cash-box has been rifled. Those courageous officers of the law who attempted, unarmed, to arrest these miscreants have been done to death, and all these outrages have been perpetrated and neither leaders nor organisers arrested until incalculable mischief has been wrought. Few towns have indeed presented to the civilised world a worse condition of anarchy than the most enlightened city of Europe, the "ville lumière" par excellence in this twentieth century. So little is the safety of the public secured that few taxicab drivers will venture to ply their trade in the suburbs after dark, and it is still dangerous for an unarmed pedestrian to venture forth at night into some of those broad avenues which at that time are frequently monopolised by cut-throats, apaches, and their anarchist friends.

This week we have had the capture and death of one of the leaders of this band of assassins, and it is now argued that when two or three more men have been captured and executed, their power of organised evil will have been scotched. This is a signal error. Bonnot and his associates are but units in a vast conspiracy against law and order. He indeed said so himself in the will which he has left as a parting legacy to humanity; which bears but a faint resemblance to the letter which Tisseau, the Le Mans murderer, handed his lawyer before mounting the scaffold: "If I have fallen so low, my fall is due to the teaching I received in my youth. . . . I was naturally evilly disposed, and the principles I heard—particularly that all men were equal and that there ought to be no rich—only excited me still more. It was these doctrines which made me commit my first crime". Tisseau expressed the deepest sorrow for all he had done, whilst Bonnot gloried in his crime: "I am a well-known personality. Fame has trumpeted my name to the four corners of the earth. The publicity the Press has given me must make those men jealous who take great pains to get themselves talked about and do not succeed. Ought I to regret what I have done? Perhaps. . . . But if I must go on, notwithstanding my sorrow I will do so. . . . I must live my life. . . . I have the right to live it. . . . every man has the right to do so; and since your idiotic and criminal society pretends to forbid me to do so, so much the worse for all of us". This principle, "I must live my life", may be crudely expressed; but it embodies the views that have been absorbed by thousands of men throughout France to a greater or to a less degree—by all those who are dissatisfied with society as it is—who regard society as their enemy, and who wish to wage against it a war of extermination. Between these men and the more thoughtful anarchists the connexion is now fully established. Bonnot, Garnier, and their associates are the product of the subversive teaching of leaders such as Albert Fromentin and Francesco Ferrer, the hero of British and American Liberalism, and of those Masonic lodges upon the continent of Europe who regard him as a martyr to the cause of liberty. The connexion between Bonnot and Fromentin is quite clear. The so-called millionaire anarchist—more anarchist than millionaire—was a native of Nîmes, the home of many extreme thinkers, who started life as an employé in the telegraph service and succeeded in marrying Made-moiselle Augereau, who had a fortune of her own. In Paris he became the associate of Elisée Reclus, and gradually drifted more and more into anarchist prin-

ciples. He is the owner of that garage where Bonnot and his friends sought refuge from the police. He was also the great friend and the apologist of Francesco Ferrer, the Barcelona anarchist, whom he visited at his school and on whose behalf he published his pamphlet "L'Œuvre de Francesco Ferrer" after his execution. At Choisy Le Roi he owns several villas, to which he has given such appropriate names as "Louise Michel" and "Elisée Reclus", and he has also founded there a small revolutionary colony known as the "Red Nest". In fact, there can be no doubt of the intimate connexion which has always subsisted between the philosophic anarchists and these desperate criminals, who have carried their anarchist principles to their logical conclusion.

If we regard the situation in France and on the Continent from this standpoint, it is serious enough. The champions of secular education in England have not the wit to realise to what results their teaching leads. They may criticise from an abstract point of view the demoralising consequences of what they stupidly call "sacerdotalism"; but these results are lovely compared with those of secular education. Even simple Bible teaching limited to an hour or two a week involves some religious instruction and some ideas of morality. On the Continent, however, in those countries where Protestantism does not exist or is a pure negation, there is no alternative religious teaching to that of the Catholic Church. This may not be perfect, but it is a far more powerful restraint upon unbridled human passions than that vague abstract of morality which French unbelievers call "la morale". We have ample evidence of its results upon the morality of the French people. Crime is distinctly on the increase and especially violent crime; thoughtful Frenchmen regard the future with the greatest apprehension; so much so that there is a distinct reaction now apparent against secularist teaching and in favour of positive religion in France. Heroism is certainly in the ascendant, and we may turn from the nauseating spectacle of this criminal conspiracy to the courage displayed by those policemen who have so generously lost their lives in vindicating the supremacy of some moral teaching, and the time must come when Frenchmen of all classes will cultivate with respect and admiration the memories of such heroes as Jouin and those twelve officers and men murdered on duty, while a due measure of reward must be meted out to Lieutenant Fontan, Colmard, Augène, and Arlon.

"BE BRITISH!"

WHILE those who went down with the "Titanic" met the extreme sharp edge of fate with perfect firmness, numbers of their countrymen, being safe ashore, discover a high state of nervous excitement as to their own safety in journeys on which they may, or may not, fare. Like any, and every, one not simply brutal, we, too, have felt the shock and horror of disaster, taking the vision of it to bed with us like our neighbours, and having the thought of it before us on waking. That good may come of the universal imagination thus appalled, the general conscience thus on edge, we seriously hope and believe. An abatement of the senseless scurry across the Atlantic—in circumstances and at a speed of which unhappily we can all now measure the peril—is a practicable reform. If that comes about, as no doubt it will, the general dismay and horror will be "in it for something", and so far will have been useful.

None the less it is high time people got a hold on themselves in respect of the "Titanic". You can have too much of a good thing, even of blubbing, and a variety of Briton threatens to blubber itself into panic. People, solemn people or excitable, knowing as much of the sea as Senator Smith of Michigan, flood their daily papers with wild or portentous counsels. They lay down the law—Heavens! how they lay down the law!—on points the most technical. To read you would think they got regularly out of liners into boats

in mid-Atlantic once a fortnight, and slept normally in cork-jackets. "We intend" or "we insist", they tell us, actually in these words, that the North Atlantic be made secure. "O frivolous mind of man, light ignorance!" Praters, who, and by what means, shall make us safe on the Atlantic—or wherever else in life we fare? As for the question of more boats—that unanimous howl of the moment—it is true or it is very probable that in conditions such as those in which the "Titanic" went down, more boats would have saved a far greater number of people. It so happened that when the submerged razor edges pierced her plates too dreadfully for any sensible effect of shock, the sea was calm. But how often does shipwreck or collision occur in still waters? In average stormy weather the lowering of boats down the side of a rolling vessel is a mighty dangerous business: many casualties may attend it. One can see the boats swing out as the vessel rolls one way, to be dashed against her side and shattered—boats and people in them—on her recovery. Given all the boats possible, experienced naval men tell you, it is a great performance when you manage to save in this way a third of a ship's company. The effective use of very many boats implies calm weather and ample time to man and lower them—implies, too, perhaps the services of more trained seamen, as distinct from stokers and stewards, than the great steamships carry. The mere fact that there were not enough boats for all on the "Titanic" made for order and calm in the hour of crisis. With that dread knowledge comes the conviction that the only chance is in quiet and discipline. The knowledge that there were boats for all on board a shipwrecked or colliding liner must relax that sense of grim necessity; and something ugly, a rush or scramble, or at the least unmanageable confusion might ensue. Such a situation as the "Titanic's" pulls out the very best in people. Wanting that supreme demand, and the heroic response which followed, other things may happen, not splendid things, with loss of life as terrible as actually befall and more dreadful morally. It would be paradox gone mad to suggest that on that hypothesis precautions, like a sufficiency of boats, should be omitted where they might save life. But the point is that boats, in any number, are very far from being a means of sure deliverance when the pinch comes. And by so much the vainer, as a practical suggestion, all this insistence on boats, and bleat about making safe the Atlantic. You cannot secure men by boats in any number, nor make safe the Atlantic. What you can do is, by frantic excess of eagerness and anxiety, secure a certain tendency to panic. If light-headedness is an evil under the sun, light-heartedness is a first necessity for travellers by the North Atlantic—or anywhere else. Require all fair and needful safeguards if you will; but, that done, think no more of the matter, or even with the fairest weather and in default of accident, yours will be tragic travelling indeed. To live in any profitable decent sense of the word demands nerve and a certain wise insensibility to danger. The wise man may not court danger, but he will take his chances and not meet the devil half-way.

That was a golden counsel of Montaigne's "not to make too much marvel about one's fortunes". We may all pray to be of a like mind. But it should be an encouraging thought that not to make too much marvel about risks and perils has hitherto been pretty much the first and guiding principle of Britons. How else have they done what they have done? And, if we are to begin now anew, and henceforth demand that our safety be assured us before we board a boat, we shall not get what we ask of course, neither shall we be any more the people we have been. How many things which we do daily would be impossible to us if we sat down in cold blood and weighed the chances? The Atlantic has its dangers, but so too has Piccadilly Circus, and eating toffee, and smoking cigarettes, and going to church. A slate might smite the worshipper even on the threshold of Dr. Clifford's sanctuary. Well, shall we insist next on being made secure as a people against falling tiles? We

knew of one who watched the salmon leap in a highland river. Something on the instant blinded him of one eye, and was found later to be an infinitesimal piece of salmon-scale. Is there any moment or action of the twenty-four hours against which, if we sit us down and worry, we shall not demand assurance? On the other hand, people besieged have found that, if they took no particular notice of shell-fire and went about their business, bombs rather avoided them than otherwise; while those who were more careful crept into dug-outs, whose estate was fortunate if a bursting splinter found them and stopped their dying an anguished death every moment.

"Be British!" may or may not have been the last or nearly last order of Captain Smith, but at any rate it was his sentiment. But the correspondence of daily papers recalls that "almost blood-thirsty clinging to life" which Matthew Arnold noted in his fellow-travellers on a suburban line after a famous railway murder. And what are we if not a people who can take our chances, being neither meticulously careful, like the German; nor, like others, ingenious, nor even especially industrious. A poor lookout if we of all people get like R. L. S.'s philosopher, who lived in a regulated temperature on tepid milk, and walked abroad in tin shoes. Was he not killed, for all his pains, by falling tiles?

THE CITY.

THE relative quiet of the Stock markets this week is easily explained. The last carry-over was unexpectedly heavy in the speculative departments, and a little difficulty was experienced in arranging the settlement of a few accounts. One unimportant failure of a jobber who had commitments in the Nigerian tin section was announced, and a few brokerage firms suffered losses through clients' defaults. A certain amount of wreckage therefore had to be absorbed, causing reactions in Marconis, oils, tins and the recently favoured railway stocks. The May Day holiday provided a further sedative influence, and the fact that the current account is of nineteen days' duration is discouraging to bull speculation. The tone in the "House", however, is distinctly optimistic. While labour questions may cause a little uneasiness, the re-opening of the Dardanelles will relieve one source of anxiety, and the monetary outlook is decidedly satisfactory. The temporary lull in Stock Exchange activity will be favourable to the flotation of new capital issues.

The news of a trainload of Kent coal having been delivered brought in new buying orders for Chatham and Dover A, but there was a fair amount of profit-taking on the rise, and in spite of the apparently favourable developments, attention is still being directed to the frequent disappointments of earlier years regarding the Kent coal industry. Other railway stocks remain dull owing to rumours of possible labour troubles. Metropolitan slipped back from their recent high record on the official denial of the rumours that the company was to receive a 4 per cent. guarantee from the Underground Electric Railway Company. The denial is accepted so far as the immediate future is concerned, but the market is by no means convinced that negotiations for the inclusion of the Metropolitan Company in the Underground "pool" has been abandoned.

As regards the Colonial lines, Canadian Pacifics keep firm to the tune of excellent traffic returns; but the Grand Trunk statement for March was very disappointing, a gross increase of £35,000 being converted into a net decrease of £30,800. Speculation in Americans is purely professional. Wall Street is now adjusting its calculations to the possibility of Mr. Taft's defeat at the Republican Convention. The quarterly report of the Steel Trust has proved to be much worse than was expected, and the most bigoted supporters of the company's dividend policy are now obliged to admit that the current dividend rate is not being earned. Unless the earnings of the Trust show marked improvement the dividend will have to be reduced, but holders

of Steel stocks on this side of the Atlantic have been well warned of that possibility. In the Foreign Railway market the chief feature is the firmness of Argentine securities on crop prospects.

The most sensational market movement of the week was the slump in P. and O. deferred stock from 420 to 310 between one session and the next. In the interim the board issued a circular announcing an issue of £1,160,000 of Preferred stock to both classes of shareholders, at the same time denying the rumours that an "amalgamation or combine" is under contemplation. On Thursday the deferred stock changed hands at such widely different prices as 310 and 370, and the buying at the latter figure was naturally considered significant. It is argued that the recent demand which has lifted the quotation from 240 to 420 is on behalf of well-informed interests who are not attracted merely by dividend prospects. It is stated that the heavy purchases have emanated largely from Hamburg, and in this connexion it is also remarked that there is no probability of the control of the company passing out of British hands.

Marconi shares have recovered, but the public is no longer so largely interested in this medium of speculation. The collapse in the Nigerian Tin section has left the Mining Markets devoid of any special feature. Oil shares are quieter. A good deal of liquidation has been induced by losses incurred elsewhere, and when the stock has been thoroughly absorbed a recovery is expected. It may be mentioned that Maikop shares are being unostentatiously picked up. Dealings in Rubber shares call for no special comment at the moment, but in view of the position of the industry it would not be surprising if a moderate advance occurs in the near future.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company is making an issue of £900,000 Ordinary stock at £110 per cent. No better idea could be given of the position to which the R.M.S.P. has been brought by careful finance and resourceful business than Sir Owen Philipps' speech at the annual meeting on Tuesday. The company has been restored, he said, to the front rank of shipping enterprises, and its sphere of influence has been largely increased by its purchase of one-half interest in the Union Castle line. The present issue is made mainly for new construction and development purposes.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

FOR some weeks the tubes have urged us to book to Dover Street for the Royal Academy, indicating that the number of visitors to the show will be lucrative from a traffic standpoint. When I took their "tip" and so gained the galleries a small crowd of busy men were getting in each other's way, up and down the stairs, hurrying with bent knees and little steps under the weight of floral decorations. Obviously the exhibition, with its banquets, its Royal private views and all the rest, is a conspicuous social and business concern. And why? Why does society conspire year after year to invest with ceremonious pomps a thing that everyone recognises as intrinsically unimportant and, comparatively speaking, obsolete. A show so dull and limiting as this year's is unusual even at Burlington House; but, in any case, if only people honestly analyse their mental attitude, the annual summer exhibitions impose the necessity of deliberately lowering one's standard, one's view of life, before they can be appreciated.

Very little reflection proves the truth of this. Supposing, for example, our personal conception of Queen Mary or the Prince of Wales tallied with Messrs. Llewellyn's and Cope's. (If these be any gauge of what Sir Luke Fildes' portrait of the King and Mr. Bacon's Coronation piece will be like when at last they appear, we may feel mercifully respited by the vast blank spaces left for them.) We could not for one moment entertain our respectful affection if we visualised them as such pink and glossy puppets. We all know that

these State portraits are immeasurably inferior images; we cannot conceive of anyone more developed than a savage (to whom glitter and cheap colour are attractive) finding any admirable or revealing interpretation in them. Why they are so bad is another question; Mr. Cope on the whole is one of the few academical portrait painters who are not negligible, but his "Prince of Wales" is without one saving grace. Even if he had the shortest sitting for the job, his own innate manliness should have made this doll-like thing impossible. I can only suppose that a sort of snobbery must have deflected his usual sincerity, making him approach royalty in a special attitude. This Academy so far gives no promise that the despicable standard maintained in Royal portraits during the last two reigns is likely to be raised.

What is so obvious in these unhappy objects is as patent, if we will but look, in nine-tenths of the exhibits; and it is safe to postulate that the same proportion of visitors has a conception of life superior to that displayed in them. To appreciate them, therefore, we must deliberately shift and degrade our point of view. It doesn't matter where you look or what you take; your own conception of a given subject is finer than the picture's. "Mountain Mists", for instance; who that has ever climbed, or even looked with wonder at, mountains would conceive of Nature's elemental mystery and rhythm in the terms Mr. Draper employs in No. 730? Who would ever dream of associating his ultra-masaged and "complexioned" wax dummies with the spirit of out-of-doors? None, and we all know it, but yet support as great institutions, socially and artistically, the corporations that encourage these pitiful falsehoods.

By this support we artificially perpetuate a state that could not endure in natural conditions. We encourage people who have the minds of sentimental schoolgirls (or boys) to bore us with their trivial ideas; we lead them to think they are bound to go on turning out interpretations of things they have no qualifications to express and no opportunities of understanding. And of the better or less sentimental sort, what does Mr. Bundy know of "The First Performance of the Merry Wives", or Mr. Gow of "The Tumult in the House of Commons, 1628", or Mr. Swaish of "Carmago"? They have not even learnt to see life in the world around them. Mr. Bundy's idea of life goes as far as a chaotic welter of costumes, worn by well-known models; Mr. Swaish's as far as the amusing little dog who sits dismayed in the background. Mr. Board, another once-promising academic scholar, in the same way elects to paint his vague idea of what things may have been in No. 257; all he succeeds in making real is his fundamental ignorance of what boys really are. Life is practically the same to-day as it was in Greece and Rome; only costume and superficial conditions change. Rossetti's great work is only great because within it life pulses strongly; Holman Hunt, on the other hand, hardly ever went deeper than the surface. If we could persuade our hordes of painters that unless they have something living to express they are under no obligation to produce at all, things would be simpler. We shall not do this, however, while we subsidise the sanatorium in which these unnecessary productions are fostered.

In a very little time one finds oneself gasping for fresh air in this Academy, desperately hailing anything as good that shows some sign of life, some sense of pictorial conditions. Mr. Strang reduces one to effusive gratitude; his "Bank Holiday" is an immense relief. Clean cut in design, fresh and agreeable in colour, and definitely vital, it strikes me as the best picture he has painted; admitting that the girl, as a realisation of life, does not equal the two men, there is nothing to be said in its dispraise. Here, for perhaps the first time, Mr. Strang has passed academic arrangement and conception, and fertilised them with definite life. Mr. Shannon, who has unbent so far as to exhibit, is less successful; weary inanimateness, and a cramped feeling in the seated figure, necessarily weaken the effect of his scholarly design. For scholarship, whether Sir L. Alma Tadema's, Sir E. J. Poynter's, or Sir W. B.

Richmond's, is perfectly unavailing without life. Indeed, in the long run, it is more tiresome than lack of it, because it is pursued as desirable for itself. Painters like these are like schoolmasters who think that "education" is an end and not a means. Painting, after all, is mere trifling unless it has "a higher moral number" than have ordinary factual affairs. To wander about among pictures that show you nothing but false conceptions of life, put scholarly, is idle.

It is almost fatuous to make this perambulation, every year, among things we know by heart. Yet annually at Burlington House or in the Salons we inspect pictures by Sir Alfred East, Mr. Bramley, Mr. Farquharson, Mr. Sims, Mr. Hemy, Mr. Murray, Mr. Friedenson, etc., that differ in no essential but inferiority from pictures we remember regularly on these patient walls. In such company Mr. Moira's skied "Bathers", though only partially successful, is positively electric. It seems rare in design, brilliant as colour, and altogether tonic. Mrs. Swynnerton's No. 780 really is vital, and in any modern exhibition would suffice. Here is no sign of the hateful effort to please, so prodigally made by the majority of portraits, no taint of hack-work specially manufactured for the Academy. The design, if a little cumbersome in execution, is strong and simple, the colour rich, the sense of life exuberant. In fact, it is a fine portrait. Compare with it, for instance, Mr. Dicksee's "Jacques, son of Lord Michelham". I cannot imagine any healthy parent tolerating in real life the sentimental "Misunderstood" piety of Mr. Dicksee's rendering; whereas I can easily predict the kind of kicking such a boy would get at school. Having spent a popular career in painting washy romance, the inevitable deplorable outcome of Pre-Raphaelitism-cum-Rossetti, Mr. Dicksee naturally has had no time to study life; portraiture then is hardly in his line. Nor for that matter is it in Mr. Clausen's, whose "Mervyn Roberts" is not successful.

The portrait honours fall to Sir Hubert Herkomer, Mr. Orpen, and Mr. Oswald Birley, though this statement might be qualified in various ways. Most seriously as regards Mr. Orpen. Hitherto his record since he entered the Academy has been conspicuously honourable: no apparent germs of academicism have developed to undermine his draughtsmanship and design. This year, however, a slight relaxing in severity of form can be detected; his heads, with one exception, are more superficially painted than was his structural work; they are less solid. Another portrait-painter who at least concerns himself honestly with life is M. B. Osterman, and Mr. Collier's "J. Bland Sutton" is a return to happier things, for Mr. Collier has at intervals painted honest likenesses.

Among the landscapes Mr. Arnesby Brown's large piece prevails. In intention it aims at the immensity and freedom of Nature as no other picture here. And yet in a curious way one feels that his view of this illimitable Norfolk land is hardly intimate enough; that he has been struggling to get rid of another point of view, in which, rightly, the landscape would be secondary to his cattle. This present landscape is in aim so definite and individual as to be independent of and more important than the foreground; but in treatment rather than in feeling it somehow lacks the intimate note. Mr. Pittman's "Ludlow" is well seen, but not well felt. The static values of firm shape, as it were the rigid architectural forms of Nature, are more essential to great landscape than any charming play of light and shade. Mr. C. Norris' "Silent Noon" is a sensitive and beautiful piece of colour; Miss F. K. Upton's "Yellow Room" is freshly seen and stimulating, and, with Miss Fearon's No. 319, the best interior painting in the exhibition. Other pictures that seem like open windows in a stuffy "tube" are Mr. Jack's "A Rehearsal", Mr. de Ville's "The Bridge" and "Night".

What solace the sculpture and the water-colours may contain I have no room to hint at. A great opportunity has been lost this year as regards Royal portraiture. As this Review has more than once insisted, the advisers of the King and Queen have large responsibility to bear.

To none will it occur that Sir L. Fildes and Messrs. Cope, Bacon and Llewellyn are the best portrait-painters within reach. Nor will any view but with disappointment Mr. Cope's effort with the Prince of Wales. There can be no question that the matter should be taken seriously; either let it be done as well for Royal sitters as it is done for commoners or peers, or leave official portraits to photographers.

THE PARIS SALONS.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

WHICH of the two Salons is the better? Year after year the answer is the same: ever since their separation in 1891 the artists of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts have been superior to the Artistes Français. Where is the difference? How is it possible that the, no doubt, excellent painters in the older society should be uniformly beaten by their juniors? The fame of the man of fifty is the reward of the works he produced at thirty. Most of the men who now hang their pictures on the line at the Artistes Français once were truly interested in what they did, but they have gradually thought more of what they sold; and the result is the mechanicalness into which painters, more than any other so-called creators, are apt to fall. There is however one point in which the Artistes Français have a decided superiority: in the semi-absence of Rodin, who exhibits this year only a bust, and is but poorly represented by his pupil Bourdelle, their sculpture appears the better. "Le Triomphe d'Apollon" by M. H. Lefèvre, and the "Fontaine", which M. Gardet has decorated with hunting scenes, show much more imagination than the subjects would lead us to expect. A bust of M. A. Gautier by Theunissen is full of life and decision. I missed at the Société Nationale an admirable bas relief of Poisson representing Arabian scenes, which outshone everything else at the Salon des Orientalistes and could have turned the scales if it had been at the Salon: this exquisitely graceful piece of work is now in the dining-room of the liner "France".

Let us come to the painters. Even at the Société Nationale the visitor ought not to expect a display of masterpieces. First of all four or five of the best artists in this Salon, in fact those whose names almost immediately occur when one thinks of it—MM. Cottet, Simon, Ménard, Blanche, Dauchez—have sent their pictures to Venice, and their absence is felt. Besnard has a good portrait of Sauer erect, thin and inspired-looking beside his piano, but you cannot see this one picture, which is above all a piece of psychology, without thinking of the triumphant show of the same painter at the Galerie Georges Petit and wishing yourself there. Then some men who were once original have reverted to their former manner and look painfully superannuated. It seems incredible that M. Jean Béraud should have hoped to startle us with his Biblical characters in modern costumes which were copied ad nauseam during twenty years. M. Gervex also sent an "Entombment", which is far from without merit—the head of the dead Christ is excellent—but recalls Bouguereau. He should have waited ten years. Boldini paints the same women as usual, half serpents, half Japanese flowers. Muenier, who had so much success last year with a little girl practising her piano, sends the same little girl; and although she looks pathetic eating her tea all alone, we are a little uncomfortable at recognising her. Willette is even more complicated than usual under his apparent simplicity, and his originality begins to feel oppressive. M. Raymond Woog, whose "Mother with Two Children" was perhaps the best bit of perfectly happy painting last year, cannot give his talent free scope in two portraits of children.

But one is glad to find that a brilliant artist like M. La Touche can give up entirely the style in which he knows no rival—a wonderful handling of scarlets and golds—to paint an airy French landscape and a fanciful fortune in whose hour of plenty the artist puts

up a whole poultry yard. M. Dinet does not leave Algeria; but even if we did not know the strange spiritual expression of this semi-Musulman mystic's face, we could divine his absolute sincerity by the subdued fire of his painting. He sticks to Africa not because he could paint nothing else but because he could not love anything else so well. Roll, the President of the Society, is the sworn enemy of monotony. Who could suppose from his exhibits of the last ten years that he started as an archæologist of the Alma Tadema kind? His rearing horses are the work of a bold draughtsman and a most robust painter who may invite but cannot fear imitation. M. Maurice Denis is more and more simple and quiet as he becomes more erudite, refined and subtle. His painting in his "Age d'Or" suggests in every feature the poet, the dreamer, the critic and the philosopher, but a poet who had been by some mysterious touch of a magic wand transmuted into a painter in the full possession of his trade. There can remain no doubt about him at present. M. Zulsaga may be exaggerating a little. He lives eight months a year in Paris and only four months in Spain. Perhaps he sees his native country even more Spanish than it is. His "Christ du Sang"—a repellent Spanish Calvary with Avila in the background, a few sinister pilgrims about it and a stormy sky over the whole scene—evidently tends towards the Greco-like. The dead or wounded horses in "Victime de la Fête" recall Goya, but Goya pushed to the dire. Luckily "Mon Oncle Daniel", with his beard and thoughtful look, his quiet wife and his two charming daughters, must be irresistible even to those who have not been fortunate enough to see the originals in that enchanting shady nook of Segovia up the steep hill with the ruined ramparts and three disused old churches in the near neighbourhood. Mademoiselle de Boznanska still paints blue-eyed ecstatic faces out of unknown Russian life, but she may go on a long while before we get tired of them.

Two names so far unknown—at least unknown to me—ought to be pointed out from the rest, both English or American. Mr. Harold Speed has painted in the most distinguished and seductive manner a girl seated on a sofa between two chintz curtains, and Mr. Hawthorne is undoubtedly a poet. There is no sentimentalism but real beauty in his "Amoureux" and "La Fille du Pêcheur". It is the possibility of making such discoveries that renders the Société Nationale so much more fascinating than its rival.

The visitor inevitably passes from the eighteen rooms of the Société Nationale to the forty-seven of the Grand Salon and their three thousand one hundred and sixty-eight pictures with a certain mistrust. It takes an effort to be fair to so many people, and the first room in its immensity and with its display of enormous canvases makes fairness even more difficult. One has to tell one's self that Jean Paul Laurens can never be an inconsiderable artist to devote the necessary attention to his mediæval Toulouse. The picture is full of the artist's customary erudition and admirably disposed, but its size makes it too much in keeping with the gigantic room, and when by and by we discover another work bearing the same name—a very small picture representing an old cloister with a young man and girl talking shyly over a sarcophagus—we feel much more inclined to give the artist his due. It may be also the atmosphere created by too overwhelming a proportion of conventional pictures which causes us to overlook easily the difference between a salon like the present one and its predecessors of thirty years ago. Certainly rich artists as M. Jonas, M. Laparra, M. Gourdault, M. Balande and others, would have been refused by the narrow-minded judges of old. The influence of M. Blanche, evident in a number of portraits, would have been looked upon as a blemish and not tolerated. In spite of the theories, coteries and rivalries of all kinds which tended to make the ditch between the two schools even deeper they have grown continuously more similar, and one may say that apart from the formulas of a few negligible extremists there is to-day only one method of painting. One of the

most admired pictures in the Grand Salon—a portrait by M. Ernest Laurent—is an avowed imitation of *Carrière*. The effort towards self-renewing, frequent in the other Salon, is not unknown here, even among men whose manner was supposed to be adopted for life. It is with no little surprise that one sees a side-lighted picture which might possibly be M. Emile Renard's and finds that it is M. Joseph Bail's. M. Joseph Bail has deserted his kitchens, bakers' shops and conventional store-rooms, put away his brass and copper things, his great glass jars and piles of sheets, and he treats us to a discreet little scene, an old lady and her reader in a pleasant drawing-room. His effort is no effort and we feel as much pleased as he must have been himself. M. Renard gives us "*La Mort de Molière*", also in a very different style from that which we have been accustomed to expect from him. M. Jonas, a young and quickly rising artist, whose productions I have followed with great interest for the last four or five years, has not taught us to expect sameness from him, and we are not astonished to see him try his hand at collective portrait painting. His "*Studio*" with eight or ten artists reminds me of similar subjects treated in much the same manner by Fantin-Latour: it is the same power, the same strength in the details, with a general and probably inevitable stiffness over the whole. M. Aimé Morot, who is a remarkable portrait painter, shows he could do admirable work on a small scale: his little nude is perfect. M. Etcheverry, who was becoming a sort of specialist in smart set scenes, seems to have recanted. His portrait of Bonnat—in the absence of anything by Bonnat himself—is probably the best man portrait we have in the Salon. When I have told that M. Corabœuf, who last year painted an actress, paints a prelate this time with the same accurate draughtsmanship and somewhat dry conscientiousness, deplored that M. Paul Chabas, who has exceptional gifts, is already on the verge of tiring us with his nudes, and rejoiced that M. Harpignies and M. Pointelin still paint better than their imitators, I shall only have to conclude that the Salon des Artistes Français exhibits a great deal of talent but very little promise. So soon after its opening—on May day—we are more conscious of this lack of promise. Later in the season we may give more attention to the talent. I have often marvelled at the difference in my impressions when I revisited the Salon late in June, on a warm, quiet morning, with only a few stragglers in the rooms. It seemed as if the pictures, from seeing so much elegant company and being left so much to themselves with just the spring sun to improve them, had acquired a great deal in the space of two months.

STRINDBERG AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

By JOHN PALMER.

IF London were intellectually alive there is no estimating what might not have happened at a meeting this week of the Adelphi Play Society. The Adelphi Play Society—or, rather, the ruling spirits who choose the plays it produces—is certainly alive. It is doing better work than any of the younger private bodies who meet to present plays of a superior kind. We cannot, of course, compare it yet with the Stage Society. The Stage Society has a record which puts it easily in the first place. But the Stage Society has grown grey in the service of drama. The Adelphi Society is young, and should be compared with its contemporaries—the Oncomers, the Pioneers, or the New Players. The New Players, by the way, proceed almost mechanically on the principle that every play condemned by the Lord Chamberlain is a good play. About a fortnight ago, for instance, they presented Mr. Israel Zangwill's "*The Next Religion*"—certainly the worst play I have ever seen upon any London stage. It was worse than Mr. Zangwill's "*The War God*". Why any private society should credit the Lord Chamberlain with so much consistency of purpose as to imagine that everything he censures is artistically admirable is not easily to be understood by anyone familiar with the records of his

office. The New Players seem to have caught this habit of thought from the Stage Society. The Stage Society has plenty of good habits, worthy of imitation; but the New Players left these to the Adelphi Society and adopted a pernicious habit of the older body which has been responsible for all its blunders (the worst of all the blunders was M. Brieux).

Revenons. If London were intellectually alive, something would certainly have happened this week at the Little Theatre. Consider the suffragettes. The suffragettes are the fine flower of a discredited movement, set afoot by Ibsen, and followed up by the lesser feminists who popularised Ibsen's ideas. If the suffragette leaders were intellectually alive, and were not, like the majority of pseudo-intellectuals, content merely to repeat watch-words sufficiently hackneyed to have reached the political platforms of a people which resents being told anything it does not already know, they would have done such things—what they are yet I know not, but they should be the terrors of the earth—as completely to throw into the shade their late exploits in the West of London. The great counter-blast of Ibsen was at their doors (the suffragettes have a book-shop not 200 yards from the Little Theatre). August Strindberg, the fiercest and most clear-seeing of their critics—a man whose plays, if ever they came to be known and trumpeted as the plays of Ibsen have been, would turn their movement into as fond a memory as Mary Wollstonecraft or John Stuart Mill—was among them; and they did not seem to care. Were all their leaders and thinkers in hiding from the police? For here was work to do. Windows may wait, and Cabinet Ministers may be stoned or whipped next week or the week after. A prophet is another matter. He must be stoned to-day, or it will possibly be too late. I have often wondered why this obvious necessary business of choking a prophet before he has had an opportunity of prophesying is so often neglected. I am beginning to see the reason. We are all so tremendously concerned with the mischief of his immediate predecessor that a new prophet is never discovered till the seed is sown. It is then too late for a people in an advanced state of civilisation to do anything but turn on the descriptive reporter.

Complete wreckage of the Little Theatre by the suffragettes was quite in the list of things possible at this meeting of the Adelphi Play Society. This was the *scène à faire*. If it did not take place, it could only mean that the suffragette movement is doing what everything obsolete enough to be called a movement is doing—talking in its sleep at the top of its voice. But, putting the suffragettes on one side, excitement of a higher and a more admirable kind than mere political excitement was also bound to spring up at this meeting, always supposing that the audience was intellectually—or, perhaps, at this stage I should say imaginatively—alive. The philistine, by which I mean the critic who successfully applies the principles of strict common sense to the appraisal of a work of art, would certainly pick innumerable holes in the plays of August Strindberg; almost as certainly the intellectual coxcomb would receive Strindberg's battering onslaught upon his polite and sheltered world of accepted canons in an attitude of elegant and studied condescension. But no one imaginatively susceptible, and not under the necessity of pretending a superiority if he had it not, could hear the "*Lady Julia*" of August Strindberg without being profoundly and violently stirred. I can imagine an audience imaginatively alive rising in its enthusiasm, and rushing into the streets to shout Strindberg from the house-tops. I can likewise imagine an audience imaginatively alive, rising in its wrath and forcibly clearing the stage; or I can imagine it stumbling out of doors to get free of the Norseman's grip. But it is impossible that an audience imaginatively alive could sit still, indecisive and unmoved.

At the Adelphi Play Society this was precisely what happened. The audience showed neither enthusiasm, nor horror, nor fear, nor any violent emotion. It was like the well-known unfortunate person who knows that a definite opinion is required of him, but is quite unable

to make up his mind as to what it would become him as a man of culture to say. The inference to be drawn as to members of the Adelphi Play Society is obvious and painful. The precise level of their criticism was exactly gauged by the welcomes respectively accorded to the tragedy of Strindberg and an agreeable trifle of no importance which preceded it. "The Poetasters of Ispahan" of Mr. Clifford Bax was elegant and inoffensive. It was received with vociferous approval. Its negative qualities were as agreeable as the positive: it was, in fact, the best possible introduction to the play which followed—showing the impassable gulf that yawns between the work of a cultivated and dexterous artificer and the work of a genius. Mr. Bax was soothing. He was one of us; and we knew he would never disturb us with anything for which we were not fully prepared. Therefore we suitably rewarded him, and with kind insistence compelled him to bob his thanks from before the curtain.

There was no excuse for the Adelphi Play Society. "Lady Julia" is high among the works of Strindberg. The author's grip is firm and cold: it is like the grip of the Statue upon the wrist of Mozart's wicked hero. When Strindberg begins to strip away the pretences of his creatures, one's impulse is to shrink and cover the eyes. Our habit of mind, part the result of mental cowardice, part the result of common sympathy that would spare the shame of kind, makes truth in its nakedness terrible to look on. And Strindberg sees the truth, which we know to be there and would avoid, so clearly; and he so forcibly compels the imagination to share with him what he sees that, even where we hate to look and are terrified, his power is inexorable. Where a critic objects to his view of life, maintaining that it thwarted a sane vision of the world, distorted the picture, and frequently impelled him to waste his extraordinarily vital imaginative power in framing nightmare illusions of life, it would be possible reasonably to disagree and join issue. But the trouble about Strindberg is not that the critics and public of London are ready to thrust him from them, to hate him actively, and struggle from his grip. The trouble is that in the mass they seem as yet unable to perceive that work like Strindberg's is in an entirely different class from the work, say, of Mr. Barrie, or even of Mr. Shaw. The public are so completely dead that they do not think it worth while even to stone the prophet from among them.

Perhaps a word of caution is necessary. I speak of Strindberg as if he were a sort of successor to Ibsen. Actually their best work was contemporary. But Ibsen was introduced into London twenty years ago by a group of able critics who bullied the public into accepting him. These critics knew their business, using a very bad but simple specimen of Ibsen's work ("A Doll's House") to pave his way into favour. They told the public that Ibsen was a great man.

"They said it very loud and clear,
They went and shouted in his ear";

and at last the public agreed, and went to sleep again. Strindberg was less fortunate than Ibsen, probably because he never wrote so bad a play as "A Doll's House". It is possible that if five or six dramatic critics continually for twenty years repeated that Strindberg was a great man, the public would in time believe them, if only for the sake of peace and quiet. But would it be worth while? What would the public do for all our "damnable iteration" but turn impatiently over, and peacefully snore again.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND.

THIS time our showmen—to be accurate, Mrs. Cornwallis West—have caught a really attractive idea—a relief after the garishness of White Cities and the rest. Even haters of exhibitions like ourselves will have to go to Earl's Court in the hope—if a forlorn hope—of picking up something new about Shakespeare's England. Shakespeare in the London of today, progressive London! What a sad reflection that

Shakespeare never had a friend or even a relative killed in a railway accident, never heard the newsboys bawl all the winners, never was brought away from the sweet labour of writing glorious poetry to answer idiotic inquiries at the telephone—that in fact he enjoyed few of the privileges and luxuries of modern existence. But life has a way of offering compensations. If Shakespeare did not taste the delight of chasing a motor-bus he was spared the humiliation of having to dodge one; if he had to find his way home at night in the dark his eye was not outraged by mammoth posters advertising some scoundrel or safe-cure in the glare of a million-horse-power arc-lamp; if he had to walk home at all he was not annoyed by being shot through a tube that looks and sometimes smells like a sewer; if his plays were represented on what we should reckon a very crude and imperfect stage, they were not "presented" by American crews with a terrific twanging accent, and he had no leading ladies to be photographed for press purposes three times a day. The negative and positive advantages he enjoyed, and positive and negative disadvantages he endured, are all set forth in rather a curious book that has come our way.* It is curious in idea, and still more in the mode of carrying out the idea. After raising our hopes it promptly smothers them; but with a little care and patience in reading one finds a real picture, or perhaps we should say adumbration, of the life of Shakespeare's time. The idea is to present that life in the actual words of men, more or less literary, of Shakespeare's time. The choice of authors drawn on for this prose anthology may be found a little puzzling at first, but in the long run the plan works out satisfactorily. May we be able to say as much of the Earl's Court plan! This book should certainly be in the "Shakespeare Library" of the exhibition, as no doubt it will be. The idea of having a collection of books about Shakespeare for intelligent visitors to read is good; but we do not know why they should be exclusively modern, as Messrs. Smith announce. Cannot Professor Gollanetz, "honorary adviser", remedy this? However, a reference library of modern Shakespeare books—provided Bacon-Shakespeare is barred—will be useful to any who go to "Shakespeare's England" with a thought for Shakespeare, though few there be that will.

We know quite well how Shakespeare through his transforming imagination saw men and their activities and surroundings. It is none the less pleasant and useful to observe these through a multitude of other eyes. Roger Ascham, Bacon, Nicholas Breton, Hakluyt, Lyly, Thomas Nashe, Sir Thomas Overbury, Raleigh, Sidney—here are eyes and temperaments varied enough to enable an average human being of the twentieth century to conjecture how the world looked to an average human being of the sixteenth. It is this average picture we get in Mr. Wilson's book, and it is this that gives the volume its value. Men going about their ordinary business or pleasure, unconscious of being watched, are described in snatches of prose taken from writers who probably never dreamed of being quoted and talked of three hundred years after they were laid in the churchyard. Sport, literature, adventure, drama—in short, all the usual occupations of men, are dealt with. The selections are made with considerable tact, though there is some disproportion in the passages that might throw light on the things that chiefly interested Shakespeare, the things he thought and wrote about, and above all on the theatre he wrote for. One hoped that an editor with so broad an acquaintance with the records of the time might have chanced on many an illuminating passage which we had missed on music. Did Shakespeare have any music at all in his theatre beyond the occasional songs and choruses and the fanfares? If he had an orchestra of any sort, how was it made up? Of all this we learn nothing fresh; and if there is anything generally unknown but existing, it is a pity Mr. Wilson has not earned the gratitude of musical students by

* "Life in Shakespeare's England." By J. D. Wilson. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1911. 3s. 6d. net.

printing it. It is a curious fact that most of our conjectures about this subject are based on the instruments mentioned in the first translations of the Bible. A few are mentioned here and there; in Shakespeare's own plays, for instance. Shakespeare knew precisely what an organ was and a flute and a viol and lute; he refers to their characteristic qualities; but only in the early Bibles do we find the members of what we should now call the orchestra enumerated. The translators had to take the nearest sixteenth- and seventeenth-century equivalents for Hebrew instruments of which little was known, and most of it known wrong, and so we are justified in assuming, or rather compelled to assume, that the rebecks, sackbuts, flutes and the rest made up what was then considered the tip-top thing in bands. We do not know that anyone has ever tried the experiment of having any Elizabethan music played on such a band, and if the experiment were tried modern ears would hardly be pleased. None the less the experiment ought to be seriously tried at Earl's Court. There must be a good many who would like to hear the effect.

After all, with the one exception of Purcell, no notable English musician has ever been associated with the theatre. Locke and Blow, and later, Arne, Balfe, Wallace and Bishop need not seriously be taken into account. Purcell wrote a large quantity of incidental music for plays; but in only a few cases did he collaborate with the dramatist; his music was mainly composed for revivals of plays that had first seen the light in the days of his youth. He was not an opera-writer, for he left only one opera, "Dido and Æneas". Probably Shakespeare would be content with a small number of instruments; and if ever he asked for overtures and entr'actes it is strange that none should have come down to us. The finest works of our musicians down to Purcell's time were inspired by the Roman services; the mighty men, Byrde, Tallis, and Phillips, and a dozen smaller men, wrote all their important music for the Church. The concerts for viols and for virginal pieces are without exception inferior in idea though not in technical workmanship: they were penned to please the patron's ear, and seldom with any higher purpose. Anyhow, it was in the church and the music-rooms in the halls of the great that our musicians seem to have found their most congenial employment, not the theatre. It was not until the iron heel of Puritanism had well-nigh crushed all artistic life out of England that Davenant, unable to get a licence for play-acting, went back to the masque form of Campion and the earliest poet-musicians, and devised the entertainment with "songs and dances" which later blossomed into the Restoration drama, that ignoble form of drama which gave Purcell employment and caused him to write so much music which we can never hear as he intended it to be heard. As we trace the growth of dramatic music from its beginnings with Davenant we are bound to think that Shakespeare, passionate lover of music though he was, must have been content with very sketchy and thin strains. As yet positive evidence is lacking. But this at least we can hazard: that while overtures and interludes were absent there must have been a good deal of incidental music. Directions for "still music" and various other kinds of music are frequent in many of the plays of the time. The orchestra was not stereotyped then as it now is: even so late a day as Handel's saw nothing of the kind: musicians wrote for the particular instruments they thought suitable to the occasion and did not trouble about those they left unemployed; and I feel certain that if Shakespeare wanted a band of flutes or recorders he simply asked for and got it; if he wanted trumpets or oboes or trombones or lutes he would get them too. We may be sure of one other thing: wind-instruments must have been much more in favour for theatrical purposes than strings; and for accompaniments to songs of course the lute was most in use. Chests of viols might be found in numberless private houses; but whereas four or five viols would make very little effect in a large theatre open to the sky, the same number of members of the flute or the oboe family would make quite a respectable amount of sound. So far as there was anything approaching a theatre band in Shake-

speare's day it would consist mainly of wood-wind and trumpets and sackbuts added for special effects on special occasions.

Nicholas Breton is made great use of; and we doubt whether his vision of sixteenth-century life is calculated to make many of us wish we had been born three centuries ago. There is a good deal too much of early rising for this generation. The domestic servant of to-day would point-blank refuse to rise at two hours after midnight to begin her labours; one hears of bar-risters getting up at five to peruse their briefs, but how many do it? 10 A.M. seems very early to make preparation for dinner. Charles Lamb's account of how, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, he rose at five on dark, chilly winter mornings to concoct jokes for the daily press is appalling enough; but can anyone picture Shakespeare at that hour thrashing the last act of "Romeo and Juliet" out of a drowsy brain? It is unthinkable—yet it may be true. One wonders at what hour Ben Jonson broke his fast after a night at the "Mermaid". Still, while servants other than personal attendants were hustled off to bed early in the evening, and tradesmen and all honest citizens counted it something of a scandal to be up after nine, what we should now call the upper classes seem to have retired late and risen early—and perhaps this accounts for the large quantity of literary work some of them achieved. Few if any modern men with the artistic gifts of Overbury or Breton or Raleigh would find time to pen the lengthy, often interminable, accounts of current affairs they left behind them, descriptions not written for profit, but, as Lamb might have said, for the fun of the thing.

Existence was glorious and vigorous in those spacious days of Elizabeth, as we all know; and one fact stands out clearly from every page of this book—the energy and thoroughness with which all things were done. Men faced mental problems and practical difficulties with an antique Roman confidence in themselves and their power to conquer; and even more striking is the way in which they prepared themselves for the business of life. Surely, one thinks, they meant to live for ever. At fifty or sixty your buccaneering adventurer esteemed himself still a young man, and went forth gaily to fresh exploits of murder and robbery or honest warfare; the student laboured at his books to the last as if he were content simply to go on ripening or could carry his learning into the next world and use it there. This fearlessness and unquestioning faith in the continuity and eternal usefulness of life permeates the work of every man of Shakespeare's epoch save Shakespeare. In him alone in that age of giants we find something of the modern sense of the futility of things. Roger Ascham solemnly, Raleigh joyously and Breton humorously, all manifest and proclaim an unquenchable interest in mankind and all modes of human activity; and it is this attitude and temper which helped the men of Shakespeare's time at best to accomplish stupendous feats and at worst to live and die manfully. Time brings not back the mastodon: will it ever bring back the brave spirit and splendid confidence of the Elizabethan age?

It was an adventurous—which is to say an out-of-doors—age, and sport, when no fighting was going forward, played a huge part. There were students, of course, who cloistered themselves and grew pale for love of learning; and there were merchants who stuck to their desks and ledgers for love of wealth. But the average English gentleman, even if he loved books, must have spent many hours a day in the open air. Shakespeare, player, playwright and poet, evidently knew the details of all the popular forms of sport—see, for instance, Mr. Madden's "Diary of Master William Silence". Men then, as now, specialised: there were those who did nothing but pore over books, and those who spent their lives a-chasing the deer. But the men who made the history of the time, and even those who wrote it, showed their wisdom in combining the active with the meditative life; and if we want to regain the Elizabethan confidence, cheerfulness and courage to face life we must cut down our bookish, moody hours and, by more of the open-air life, regain the Elizabethan healthy body.

LONDON BIRDS IN SPRING.—II.

(Concluded.)

THE London parks, where all birds, innocent and guilty alike, find sanctuary, harbour no greater ruffian than the carrion crow. Presuming on his security he makes himself thoroughly at home, builds yearly nests in at least two of the central parks—Battersea Park and Kensington Gardens—and lives unchecked his life of crime. He is a notorious thief, detested by other birds, who well know that neither their eggs nor their young are safe from the black marauder. The most timid of birds grow valiant in defence of their helpless broods. When even the little spotted flycatcher, a bird smaller than a sparrow, will, as we can testify, attack a jay fearlessly and drive it ignominiously from the threatened nest, it is small wonder that the missel-thrush, one of the most truculent of birds at nesting-time, will not hesitate to hurl itself at a crow. The missel-thrush sometimes nests in Kensington Gardens, and here, one April afternoon, a crow sitting in the highest branches of a tree was assailed by a devoted missel-thrush, fearful, no doubt, for the safety of its brood. The thrush, flying from branch to branch, kept up a perpetual clamour, which somehow suggested the stunning burst of artillery fire that in war, one reads, prepares the way for an infantry attack. So the thrush, its courage screwed to the sticking-place, would dart at the crow, who, flinching and half-opening its wings, would make as though to fly. Again and again the gallant missel-thrush, screaming defiance, would deliver a fresh onslaught, and always the crow, unresisting, would shrink before the blow, but still sit stolidly on its perch. At last, while the thrush clamorously braced itself for a new assault, the crow quietly took wing, chased by the thrush, who, darting repeatedly at its foe, drove it out of sight.

Another member of the crow family, the jackdaw, inhabits Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Quite a colony of daws lives and rears its young every spring in the old elms by the Broad Walk. The jackdaw is said to be a late breeder, but last year, at all events, one pair had in mid-February, it seemed, pegged out a claim to a nesting-hole in one of these old trees, and could be seen sitting on guard outside the hole. A disreputable old bachelor magpie, who is believed to have escaped from captivity, haunts this corner of the gardens, spending most of his time, in spring, in worrying the jackdaws. He is fed by kindly visitors, and keepers will tell you that he hoards his surplus food in various trees, which he visits when hungry. Whether, as the keeper will suggest, he pesters the jackdaws because he fears they will rob his store-rooms; or whether, as we have sometimes thought, he is of an uxorious disposition, and, his own marital instincts thwarted, takes a vicarious interest in the connubial affairs of the jackdaws, and tries (well-meaning, officious fellow) to lend a hand in their preparations for a nursery, cannot be said. Whatever the reason, he meddles so persistently with the jackdaws' affairs as to make their lives a misery. The pair which last February seemed already to have mated came in for a full share of his obtrusive attentions, which they bore with the most exemplary patience. At last, when his noisy persecutions drove them beyond endurance, they would try to chase him away. Singly, they were powerless, but when both joined in the attack the magpie, yielding to superior force, would fly a short distance, only to return and worry them anew. In March of last year a second magpie took up his abode, for a time, among these elms. Far from being welcomed by the old inhabitant, he was bullied mercilessly by that ill-conditioned bird; and, after a brief but troubled stay, the interloper disappeared. Sympathy for the harried jackdaws would be misplaced, for, incorrigible thief that the magpie is, they themselves are equally guilty. The half-domestic wild-ducks in Kensington Gardens nest often in stumps of trees—all that remain of fine old elms—twenty or thirty feet from the ground. We have ourselves seen, in full day, a jackdaw fly to one of these stumps, fetch up an egg

from the wild-duck's nest within, and, with brazen effrontery, suck it on the top of the stump in full view of passers-by.

There are two magpies in S. James' Park who build a fresh nest every year. This year the bulky structure has been placed high up in a plane tree close to the Admiralty. A deserted nest in an adjoining tree was, last spring, usurped by a pair of sparrows, who would perch on its edge with an air of the utmost self-importance; feeling, no doubt, like other parvenus who move into fine houses, that they had had a rise in the world. Another pair of magpies, near neighbours of these, live in the Green Park, and usually nest in one of two black poplars close to Piccadilly.

How many are aware of the presence of owls in London? True they are seldom seen, except by a park-keeper now and then, but their mellow hoot may be heard at times in spring, both in Kensington Gardens before the gates are locked at sunset, and in Hyde Park. And not only there. We have heard the cry of the tawny owl in Battersea Park; and a few weeks ago, at midnight, an owl flew, calling "Ke-wick", over the trees in Onslow Square. In S. James' Park, again, owls have been both seen and heard. An owl mobbed by small birds, a not uncommon country sight, is one that is less familiar in London. One afternoon, however, a crowd of sparrows and starlings made a great outcry round a young owl which sat blinking in an elm tree close to the fountains in Kensington Gardens. The park sparrows have only too good reason for their hostility. There may sometimes be seen, under one of the trees, the bones of some unhappy sparrow, cast up, no doubt, by an owl while digesting its supper.

The Coronation procession, according to the descriptive reporter, brought unlikely birds to London. In one paper we were informed that, as part of the setting of the scene in the Mall, "swallows swooped". Another graphic scribe began his description of the pageant with the remark that the larks of S. James' Park found themselves forestalled by the early-rising crowds who came to see the procession. Did these larks and swallows come to town, like the crowds, to see the King go to be crowned?

The only summer migrant which is known to breed regularly in the centre of London is the spotted flycatcher. To Kensington Gardens it comes year after year and makes its nest. It also breeds, almost certainly, in Battersea Park, and, probably, in Regent's Park. There could have been few attractions last year in Kensington Gardens for so retiring a bird as this. With the Gardens one great camp it would seem to be a strong attachment which could induce a flycatcher to spend the summer there; and yet, since one was seen, in June, near the flower walk, making, as is its habit, repeated flights into the air in chase of insects, it probably had a mate and a nest in the neighbourhood, in spite of the fact that tents and all the paraphernalia of a camp were crowded round the spot. Nightfall brings strangers to the parks. In gathering gloom you will sometimes hear a loud hoarse cry and catch a glimpse of two great flapping vans, dark and mysterious in the dusk, as a heron, come perhaps from Richmond Park, flies past to alight at the water's edge. And dawn discloses other visitors, stranger still, who have passed the night in town. A park-keeper in Kensington Gardens will tell you of a curlew by the Round Pond at daybreak; of an April cuckoo calling at sunrise; and of meeting at four o'clock of a March morning a hedgehog on a path. That the cuckoo does stay awhile in London, on its outward or homeward journey, is certain. On 20 July one flew fast over Hyde Park towards Park Lane. Scarcely had it disappeared when two swifts came into sight, moving fast with the south-west wind towards Oxford Street. Many shy passing strangers no doubt go undetected on their way through town, but careful watching will reveal at least some of them. Every year bands of redwings, small migratory thrushes from Northern Europe, pass the winter in England. On 6 March a solitary redwing, straggled from some horre-

ward-bound flock, rested for a day in Hyde Park. A few days before, a small flock of lapwings flew, at sunset, westward over Kensington Gardens. Whither, one wonders, was that redshank bound who, flying overhead, whistled his "Kee-we-we" one June midnight over a Chelsea street? Or those curlews whose musical call sounded clear through open windows on a hot August night? And whence came the nuthatch which industriously climbed a tree in Kensington Gardens one April day last year? Does it nest, perhaps, in the secluded grounds of Holland House? Last year, too, a redstart shook his fiery tail in Kensington Gardens one April afternoon; a garden warbler and a common whitethroat were both in Hyde Park on one day; and on 1 June we could hardly believe our ears when a lesser whitethroat sang in Kensington Gardens. Last April, in S. James' Park, we were greeted one afternoon by the song of many willow-wrens. A few days later the song was heard again in Kensington Gardens. However intently you may listen for the sound on spring days in the parks, at first hearing you are almost incredulous, and not convinced till the elusive little warbler has been eagerly stalked and identified. This done, you feel uplifted with all the exhilaration of a discoverer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRIPOLI AND THE NEAR EASTERN DANGER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 Harcourt Buildings, Temple E.C.,
30 April 1912.

SIR,—I have been reading with great interest the correspondence on the Near Eastern subjects in your issues, and although Mr. George Raffalovich gives me the impression of being unusually well informed on Eastern and abreast with foreign politics in so far as they bear on questions connected with the Orient, I am afraid that his views are tinged with (1) injustice to the Arabs; (2) imperfect appreciation of life in the East; and (3) disregard of the importance of the Moslems to the existence of the British Empire.

Mr. Raffalovich seems to think that the Arabs would have submitted to the Italians had they been approached in a different manner. As far as personal observation and history go, an Arab is above all a lover of freedom. I admit that towards the end of the influence of Arab civilisation, be it in Spain or elsewhere, owing to the growth of the spirit of democracy, he had lost his submission to concerted action, but he was never a mercenary or sold his hearth and home for a mess of pottage. What is happening in Tripoli is not due to the adoption of a wrong procedure by Italy, but due to the awakening of the old spirit of independence through the new constitutional régime in the Ottoman Empire. The Arabs or Turks or Armenians or Albanians are no longer separate entities, but Ottomans with equal rights and obligations. China is not the only land which is awakening.

Mr. Raffalovich's observation on the contrast of the simple life in the East with the strenuous life in the West is true enough; but the condition in either part is due to climatic influences and physical requirements, and by no means fundamental. System for system the Moslem polity as compared with the British polity stands much higher than any other system known to Europe. Let me give but one instance—equality of all in the eye of the law. In the Moslem system, as in the English, the administrative officers and the civilians are equally responsible for their acts, but the case is different in other countries, say France, where *Droit Administratif* gives the administrative officers quite different rights as against the civil population.

Few could agree with Mr. Raffalovich's advice to England to get ready for emergencies, apparently as against the Moslems. This would indeed be a short-

sighted policy. Let anyone cast a glance at the map of the world with an eye to British interests; I am sure he would irresistibly come to the conclusion that Moslem co-operation is absolutely necessary for the continuance of the solidarity of the British Empire. The duty of England in her own interest as well as in the interest of justice based upon treaty obligations is simplicity itself. She should ally herself with the Moslems and the Moslem States and not be a party to their weakening or destruction. She should either cause Italy to clear out of Tripoli at once (justice demands no less), or allow the Ottoman troops to pass through Egypt.

Yours faithfully,

A. MAJID.

SYNDICALISM AND POLITICS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Harcourt Road, Sheffield,
6 April 1912.

SIR,—Mr. Brereton believes "we are in for a terrible and bitter war between two rival conceptions of society" which will lead to the establishment of some sort of tyranny by the one or the other. Such a development may be imaginable among a people like the French, who have the courage of their opinions, but we in England are, for good or evil, too much afraid of our conclusions to put them into effective practice. With us movements are emphatic presentments of points of view rather than series of actual proposals, and movements lose their force as soon as the points of view animating them have been forced upon the public consciousness—the doctors' strike, for instance.

Syndicalism is with us therefore hardly likely to be more than the *reductio ad absurdum* of the individualistic self-seeking, of the study and conciliation of sections and interests, which passes to-day for Government. Lord Rosebery's ideal of a Government of business men was thus frankly syndicalist. Business principles are not the monopoly of any one class, and the Syndicalist in acting on these principles is simply assuming that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The owner of saleable goods is always on strike; he continually refuses to part with his wares—however necessary they may be to the community—except at his own price: a coal, or corn, or oil ring is as anti-social as a labour ring, but its real nature is masked by the fact that its demands are almost always conceded. It forces a crisis only when the consumers themselves strike, as they did recently in America against exorbitantly priced food stuffs of certain kinds (one wonders whether the consumer will ever be forced by law to buy at a minimum price). As however the labourers have to gain their increments not from an unorganised and unresisting public but from a highly organised and effective body of employers, the labourers' strikes seem continually to be forcing the crises to which we shall soon grow accustomed. We shall soon indeed learn to regard a rise in the price of labour as a fact to be accepted as uncomplainingly as a rise in the price of bacon or of rubber. All sectional or individual gains are equally anti-social, potentially if not in appearance, but "as fire drives out fire" so may we imagine Syndicalism driving out Individualism—or at any rate dethroning it—by the method Euclid so often favoured.

Not, of course, that Syndicalism is without its constructive side. The mediæval town, with its trade guilds, its guild merchant and its guildhall, was frankly Syndicalist, though we can hardly imagine Gog and Magog to-day as the giants of Syndicalism; but that is, of course, because in these days employer and employed no longer work side by side at the same forge, bench or loom as master, journeyman and apprentice. A similar fusion to-day of mine shareholders and miners would afford a theme for Thomas Hardy's *Spirit* Ironic.

Crises like the present show quite clearly the need for an increase in the political education of the people. It is absurd that the mere mention of a new political theory should make us all gasp for breath: we

obviously need a training that shall familiarise us with such ideas and so fortify us against such shocks. It would be interesting to hear what Mr. Brereton thinks of the teaching of Economics in the higher primary schools of France. Political science, as taught, for example, by Sir John Seeley in those memorable conversation classes of his at Cambridge in my time, might well be more widely extended as a supplement, if not as an alternative, to History. The only antidote to interested, one-sided teaching as to the nature of the State is as full and fair a treatment of the subject of Political Science as we can possibly give. Now that the workers have learnt to strike effectively and are sufficiently grown up to refuse to follow blindly any leader whatsoever, we must begin at last really to "educate our masters", and not to fob them off any longer with the doles of mere book learning which are the counterpart of the doles of free breakfasts and so forth against which the present strikes are so hopeful a protest.

I remain, yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

THE ULSTER QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“Ulsterman Junior” might have carried his remarks a little farther. Mr. Asquith’s inference that Ulster is almost equally divided on the question of Home Rule because it returns sixteen Home Rulers against seventeen Unionists is refuted by the provisions of his own Bill. His Irish Parliament is, so far as Ulster is concerned, to be elected by the same constituencies as at present, save that the Nationalist Borough of Newry is to be divided between two adjoining Nationalist Divisions. But the number of members returned by these constituencies is to be varied in accordance with the population principle. And what is the result? That if each Ulster constituency adheres to its present political creed the province will be represented by thirty-four Unionists and twenty-five Nationalists. That is as large a proportionate majority as Mr. Asquith possesses in the present House of Commons.

“Ulster”, however, in the sense in which it is used in this controversy, is not equivalent to the geographical province. The County Donegal is too far west to belong to the Plantation, and the counties of Cavan and Monaghan are too far south. The remaining six counties at present return seventeen Unionists to eight Nationalists, but the disproportion ought to be considerably greater.

Truly yours,
M. A.

THE SUFFRAGETTE IN GREEK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sedgehill Manor, Shaftesbury, 30 April 1912.

SIR,—Is it possible that your correspondent signing himself Q. H. F. really believes that the statement which he puts into the mouth of Solomon is accurate? I forget the exact percentage of the preponderance of male infants over female in this country, but it is, I know, considerable, and up to the age of twenty the number of male and female persons is equal. A male is a very much commoner article than a female, and in all mammals, including the human, the male has a lower organism than the female. Perhaps I shall shock your readers if I quote the old saying “Any boy can get a boy; it takes a man to get a girl”. Before venturing to write on a subject it is advisable to acquire the knowledge of rudimentary facts about the subject, for there is something suspicious about the learning of a person who quotes Greek and shows himself ignorant of everyday facts. I confess it gives me a certain

amount of satisfaction to refute what such persons are pleased to call “arguments”, although I am not a “Suffragette”; and I presume this exhibition of, what I should have thought very easily enlightened, ignorance to be an attack upon them.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
AGNES GROVE.

BIBLICAL HEXAMETERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The University, Birmingham.

SIR,—The late Professor Clerk Maxwell noticed the following unconscious Biblical hexameter:

πᾶσα δόσις ἀγαθὴ καὶ πᾶν δῶρημα τελεῖον.

Yours faithfully,
OLIVER LODGE.

WHAT WAS SHAKESPEARE’S RELIGION?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London W., 1 May 1912.

SIR,—From what we can gather from his works Shakespeare does not appear to have had any particular religion. Can any reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW give references to passages in his works bearing on the subject sufficiently to decide the question?

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
B. R. THORNTON.

“THE INCONSTANT MOON.”

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mamiaanshoek, P.O. Rankin’s Pass,
Nylstroom, Transvaal.
28 March 1912.

SIR,—I think it was in your columns that I saw, some time ago, correspondence on the vagaries of the moon, in literature and fiction. Have you room to note two flagrant instances, in which the plea of “fiction” cannot be put forward in extenuation?

In the “Eye-witness”, page 15, Mr. Hilaire Belloc presents Cæsar about to sail for Britain—“the waning quarter-moon shone fully . . . soon to set. It was not yet midnight”. Now, unless things have changed since Cæsar’s day, if it “was not yet midnight” the “waning quarter-moon” would barely be risen. Mr. Belloc’s howler is all the worse in that in his preface, while modestly disclaiming a high aim, he takes unctious to his soul for the strict accuracy of such detail as “the hours . . . the weather”.

Good company in the pillory may be an alleviation. So let Mr. Belloc console himself with the partnership in adversity of Robert Louis Stevenson, pilloried for a double offence. In “Prince Otto”, St. Martin’s Library edition, page 127, “a shaving of new moon had lately arisen; but it was still too small and low down. . . .” Now, a shaving of new moon would have arisen hours ago, in the daytime; and if small and low down by night would be just going to set. “In the South Seas”, same edition, page 141, “the sun set; yet a while longer the old moon—semi-brilliant herself, and with a silver belly which was her successor. . . .” Three days later, on page 151, we find “the moon now three days old”, so that the blunder is almost self-evident.

Yours faithfully,
C. R. PRANCE.

“SPRING ON LAKE LEMAN.”

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ramsbury, Wilts.

SIR,—In the above article I see the *Leucojum vernum* is stated “to be very rare in England, only growing

in a single locality in Dorset". This year, this beautiful spring flower has blossomed luxuriantly here.

Yours faithfully,

T. GREENAWAY.

A TURNPIKE RELIC IN CENTRAL LONDON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glendora, Hindhead, Surrey,
22 April 1912.

SIR,—A capital map, dated 1766, mounted and set up in the Annexe of the new London Museum, at Kensington Palace, shows us quite clearly, inter alia, how numerous were the turnpikes in the vicinity of the New—or Euston—Road, the Act for the construction of which had been passed ten years before, towards the close of George the Second's reign—and in its passing had been signalised by a terrific parliamentary duel between two Dukes—their Graces of Grafton (pro) and Bedford (con)—at that time holding the strongest views of betterment and its reverse. A cynical evidence of the respect with which the pious opinions of Parliament are sometimes treated by succeeding generations may be remarked in that this Act laid down that no building be erected within fifty feet of the New Road.

As examples of the many turnpikes, it may be mentioned that one stood by the "Green Man", close to the present site of Portland Road Station, another north of Tottenham Court Road, by S. James' Church (which, by the way, was erected as a chapel of ease to S. James', Piccadilly), and a third in the New Road, close to Gower Street North.

Abutting upon the western side of this last was the imposing entrance to King John's Palace, a venerable building as to which most old metropolitan chroniclers are silent, although Wilkinson, in his "Londina", gives a view of it. Its demolition took place in 1808, and its site was occupied by a New River reservoir. This in its turn was removed in 1860, and Tolmers Square, with its Congregational church, took up the position. The entrance way to King John's Palace became the site of a small terrace of houses, giving on to the New Road, called Palace Row, which is shown on a map published by Spear, of Star Alley, Fenchurch Street, in 1793, and still better upon Harwood's map of London, 1813. To this day, however, one may see the two immense stone piers, surmounted by spheres, which marked the entrance way to the Palace. These columns, of massive and dignified appearance, bear no relation to the present usage of the premises behind, which is that of a timber yard.

A further curious fact is that between numbers 233 and 235 Euston Road, nearly opposite, an angle break in the line of frontage is the site of a stile on the footpath between Bloomsbury and Kentish Town, which gave access in its course to the romantic Field of Forty Footsteps.

Your obedient servant,

J. LANDFEAR LUCAS,
Spectacle Makers' Company.

IN MEMORIAM S.S. "TITANIC".

MOURN, mighty Ocean—
For on Death's vast shore
A crew have landed silently,
Their voyage o'er.

Mourn, ye hushed winds—
Breathe requiems; and, surging wave,
Sing thy sad dirges
Round their grave.

Mourn, England's people,
For the souls that sleep
In the dread silence
Of the eternal deep.

R. E.

REVIEWS.

THE OLYMPIAN GENESIS.

"Themis: a Study of the Social Origins of Greek Religion." By Jane Ellen Harrison. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1912. 15s. net.

MISS HARRISON continues to construct Deity in her image. Her first attempt was in 1903, her "Prolegomena to Greek Religion". This consisted mainly in the attempt to show that hole-and-corner worship, mysteries, etc., were prior in origin to the Olympian theogony and maintained themselves in practice alongside of it. Doubts have since been possessing the author's mind, and fortified by a cargo of wide reading, wherein she lays under contribution even Monsieur Bergson, our modern Gorgias, she returns to the charge. The new book investigates the origins of these hole-and-corner worship themselves. The Olympians are put on the shelf, embalmed corpses visible like the Portuguese sovereigns through glass. They have nothing to repay. The early unintellectualised worship is expressed in terms which have swum to the top since 1903, the best known of which is "mana", of import rapidly rivalling Mesopotamia. Churches, we read in the earlier chapters, originate in a dozen or so savages who in concert relieve their nerves by miming an action or event in which they are vitally interested—a hunt, or the return of the leaf, or lambing, or the like. In order to participate in the "mana" of each other, or of the universe in its various aspects, and particularly as containing, continuing and supplying life and the means of life, they tell a tale, or enact a play intended to commemorate or to induce the event in question. This category of sacril act has long been familiar even to laymen under the name of sympathetic magic. In its collective exercise, that is effected not by an individual but by the men of a hamlet or the like, Miss Harrison sees the birth of religion. The excitement of the individual is multiplied by association, it is felt to be more than the excitement of the unit, it is externalised (this step, the vital one, is of course inferential, but it is a common assumption not peculiar to the writer): the fire burns, or the spirit descends, as we please; the externalised social excitement is viewed as a thing other than the band, there is a presence not themselves. God is born. The new creation is charged with the feelings, concentrated and heightened, of the worshippers: the collective "mana" is embodied: gradually, aided by mechanical circumstances such as the leader, the exarchon, the creation recedes from the creators, is viewed as entirely external and remote, and after many æons is anthropomorphised. The Divine Hunter, only once removed from human, becomes Artemis Agrotera. Thus not only are the earth-gods, the snake, the Titan, etc., earlier than the Olympians, but they in their turn are later than the social minimum, the thiasos, which creates them from its own emotion, and is the ultimate religious fact. The Rite is anterior to the God. Bacchus is the by-product of the Bacchoi; the attendants, nymphs and the like, of historical times are more ancient than their mistress. This account, applied to religion at large, is nihilistic, as the writer is aware. No theism or spiritualism as such is left, none of the concepts of anthropologists down to almost to-day: the Great Father, in the mind of the savage, is held to be a delusion of missionaries and spiritualist historians. We are all alone; there is nothing but ourselves and our feelings. This is the bearing of the theory, but it should not prevent careful account being taken of it. *Ὅμη' ἂν δ' λόγος φέρη ταύτην ἱερόν.* Besides, who has read the black man's mind, or any early mind? It is the best part of the book, and so far we follow the writer with interest. The folie des foules then, to which we owe Voodoo, still alive in America, the revelation to Emanuel Swedenborg, the revelation to Mormon Smith, the dogmas of Mrs. Eddy and Mrs. Besant, and window-breaking, is responsible in the long run for the brilliant and human figures of Apollo and Hermes.

So be it: it is a testimony to the race. From what a bed what a rose!

The rest of the book, an examination of various Greek rites and institutions, is less satisfactory. Miss Harrison's old defects, which have not failed of notice in time past, are here all over again. They are principally excess of sympathy, over-eagerness to catch at coincidences, want of discrimination of evidence, and inability to conduct sustained thinking. In these matters she receives no help from Mr. Murray or Mr. Cornford, for all their delightful and illuminating writings, nor from the curious home-grown etymologies of Mr. Cook. The enemy, the bad gods, are treated with silence. Doctor Lemprière represents them. Only one warrior is mentioned by name, an old patrilinear hero—or is it Irish culture daimon?—who inhabits his own heroön in the fens. They suffer, the mythologist thiasos or church, from various ailments. One is the paucity of causes. They trail their social emotion till it hides the world. Miss Harrison confesses she is no philosopher and no sociologist, and has no ethnological capacity either. An excursion into the last two provinces might have given her ballast. The early Mediterranean world was not wholly given over to sacrifice and sacrament. It had political existence: it built, sacked, made war, made nations captive. It was positive. It contained real beings, not tribal daimons. It made history. It was not a dissolving view of delusion. It was naïf, commonsense, and real. Troy was not a fairy town, a Venusberg; it was burnt: we see its ashes. Ethnology, even archaeology, would have taught Miss Harrison this. Her account of hero-worship, the disposal of Pelops, savours of levity, a thing unsuitable to the glass-breakers' Church. Pelops is coming into his own. The people who took Troy—and taken it was—had names. Call them M or N, if you will; names are tickets. Anyway no tribal daimon, no Genius of Fertility, burned Troy; nor Mycenæ either, when its turn came. Hector was worshipped at Thebes because of the effect of Homer's epics. He was brought there, as Orestes' bones were fetched and sent. We cannot have these religionists making nonsense of centuries of serious political history. For—another weakness of their argument—it is all too early. A totem-stage we may admit, even the creation of the divine out of social physiological stress, but not in the age of Minos and Agamemnon. By their time these things had receded into the significance of the maypole and the rattle. There was a relation between the real and the invisible world. There has always been one. But one world does not exclude the other. If Agamemnon was once—when?—worshipped at Sparta, Agamemnon may all the same have led the Greeks to Troy. This is a fallacy of names. The Church always gives Joseph or Mary, but without prejudice thereby to the existence of either those divine persons or the human infants on whom their names are imposed. Moreover, it is idle to deny the worship of once living men when they are dead. Minos in Homer is already immortal. When they are dead they cease to be men. Cecrops gets his tail, the blood of Gennaro liquefies, and the bones of many a humble sinner stay the plague or turn the battle.

THE FARMING OF THE FAR EAST.

"Farmers of Forty Centuries; or Agriculture in China, Korea and Japan." By F. H. King. Madison (Wis., U.S.A.): King. 1911. \$2 50c.

THE late Professor F. H. King, of Wisconsin, was one of the most original-minded men who have concerned themselves with agriculture in this generation. He never quite attained full expression of his capacity. Some of his best researches, as for example those on the variation in the quantities of nitrates in the soil under different conditions of cultivation and time of year, suffer from having been published in fragments and never gathered together in one whole, and his career as an investigator was broken through an unhappy official quarrel, but nevertheless King

exercised a great stimulating influence on the scientific agricultural workers in both continents, especially in the much neglected field of agricultural physics. After his retirement from the Department of Agriculture, King became particularly interested in the methods of farming practised in Japan and China as bearing on the great problem of the conservation of soil fertility which is now becoming important to the United States. He made a journey through those countries and familiarised himself with their agriculture on the spot, and on his return not only published certain scientific papers, but embarked upon the present book, which he had so far completed at the time of his death as to permit of its publication by his widow. Englishmen who farm in every continent and climate are not unacquainted with the practices of the Oriental agriculturist, but we believe we have for the first time in King's book a general philosophic view of the essential difference that prevails between East and West, and an indication of the very pertinent bearing of the methods of these old civilisations on some of the problems which confront the Western world. Let us consider. European agriculture, save for the fragments of Roman customs that survived the barbaric invasion, is not a thousand years old; indeed, so insecure was the country until late mediæval times that our farmers have had little more than half that period for continuous uninterrupted work upon the land. The Chinese farmer may safely be credited with an unbroken tradition of four thousand years, and this among a people of marked intellect, and accustomed to harness it to the service of practical affairs. What has been the result? In China King estimates a rural population on the cultivated lands of nearly 1800 people per square mile, and in the main islands of Japan of over 2300 per square mile. On the large island of Chung Ming at the mouth of the Yangtse River there was in 1902 a population of 3700 per square mile, yet there was only one city in the island. Compare this with an estimated rural population in the United States of only sixty-one per square mile of improved farm-land. These populations are living by agriculture alone, there is no other source of wealth, and, moreover, they have been maintaining themselves for a length of time that precludes any idea of the soil becoming exhausted. Yet the United States, Argentina, Western Canada, and even Russia, are practically mining in the fertility accumulated in their virgin soils, which are becoming depleted at a rate far in excess of their production in crop, while Great Britain and the more advanced Western countries are largely dependent upon fertilisers and feeding stuffs imported from these newer lands.

The essential difference is in the prevention of waste by the Oriental methods; European farming is conservative compared with that of America, but even here all the fertilising constituents of the human food which is the ultimate product of farming are lost to the land and are thrown heedlessly into the sea. It is useless at present to declaim against the waste; it is still cheaper to buy foreign food or foreign fertility than to spend labour on getting human excrement back to the land, just as in the United States in most places it does not pay to cart out the manure made by fattening cattle. For here comes in the final difference between West and East; in China and Japan human labour—trained, intelligent labour, capable of continuous toil that no Westerner would face—can be had at less than a shilling a day, sometimes at sixpence a day. Climate and soil are on their side too, and King's book shows in detail how skilfully has the agriculture of China and Japan been evolved to win the maximum production from the land. It would be out of place here to discuss these methods in detail, but it will be sufficient to say that in King's book Western people have for the first time an account by a competent observer of a system of agriculture which in its minute care and skill excels even the most famous petite culture of Europe.

Are these contrasts going to endure for ever with our present possibilities of intercommunication? As long as our coal and oil endure, as long as there is new

land to exploit, the Westerner driving a machine may be able to make his labour intrinsically worth (and the only final measure of the value of labour is the amount of food produced) from half-a-crown to five shillings a day, but the world is growing small and the exhaustion of the earth's fossil energy, however distant, is yet certain. There must come a time when our great town populations will have again to support themselves by agriculture, when human labour will once more become the prime motive power and be worth just what it can win from the soil, when the land will be the source of all wealth and have to carry ten times its present population. In those days, and in the life of nations they are not far off, King's book will be regarded as one of the early classics which shadowed forth to an unprepared people their inevitable future.

A LIBRARY OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

- "The Battle of Flodden." By Lient.-Colonel the Hon. Fitzwilliam Elliot. Edinburgh: Elliot. 1912. 5s. net.
- "A Short History of Scotland." By Andrew Lang. London: Blackwood. 1911. 5s. net.
- "Scotland." By Robert S. Rait. London: Black. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.
- "A Short History of the Scottish People." By Donald Macmillan D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.
- "History of Scotland." By P. Hume Brown LL.D. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1911. Three vols. 10s. 6d. each.
- "The Early Chronicles relating to Scotland." (Rhind Lectures for 1912.) By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Eustace Maxwell, Bart. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1912. 10s. net.

BESIDES the historians who attempt to trace the mental development of a people, there are some who limit their study to some particular dramatic event. The last and most brilliant example of this class is Colonel Elliot, who has been moved to investigate the truth respecting the battle of Flodden. He does not criticise the received statement of the cause, but having briefly quoted the Annalist, he arrives at the field of battle and inquires: (1) Whether it has been accurately described by historians. (2) Whether the effect of the battle was such as is usually supposed.

Colonel Elliot's arguments as to the site of the contest, and the previous strategical movements, seem convincing, and his readers will probably learn for the first time that the English were facing south and the Scottish north—that, in fact, a battle was unavoidable because the Scottish line of communication was destroyed. The Scottish King did not foolishly choose an impossible spot; it was forced upon him by superior art. The battle was not a massacre—it was a splendid exhibition of heroic effort against high strategy. Colonel Elliot has, we think, a motive subsidiary to the main theme, desiring to vindicate a Border Lord whose conduct he considers to have been unfairly impugned. In the concluding chapters he upsets the general belief that the Scottish nation was annihilated at Flodden, and the account here given of what followed, based as it is on strong evidence, shows that the Scottish Borderers were so little injured that for years after the battle they were the aggressors rather than the victims in Border raids.

One of the works before us is Dr. Andrew Lang's "Epitome of History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation". Dr. Lang and Dr. Hume Brown each aspire to the place of Burton. It would be unfair to estimate Dr. Lang's claim by this epitome—for whatever objection may be felt for his mode of expression, it is greatly increased when a paragraph takes the place of a chapter. Was it the author's object to produce a history for schools? We fear the national

prejudices would not allow this. Certainly Dr. Lang in our judgment expounds the character of the Scottish Reformation and the conduct of the Covenanters better than his rivals (which will not assist the adoption of his book), but unfortunately his peculiar practice of juxtaposing events centuries apart for the purpose of satire greatly obscures his acute observation. He is occasionally inaccurate, as when he speaks of Kings Malcolm and William as sons of King David—for whom he expresses remarkable contempt. He introduces the first Stewart King as the father of a family which could not be rendered legitimate by any number of Papal dispensations, thereby reviving a useless dispute—which was raised before certain Papal dispensations were discovered. And we do not see why he denies their validity.

"Scotland", by Mr. Rait, labours under the disadvantage of being written for a series of books on the "Making of the Nations". It cannot be expected that an author, accepting a commission from publishers to write a history, should produce a work equal to a spontaneous performance. Mr. Rait possesses deservedly a great reputation and is an original thinker. His opinion that the difference between Highlanders and Lowlanders has been greatly exaggerated, and that the farmers of Fife were nearer of kin to the clans than to the Northumbrian Englishmen is valuable, but it is startling, and it demands consideration. The scheme of his book having to fit in with a series, he devotes his attention to three principal periods, the supremacy of which may be disputed, and the result is a volume which is not, and was not intended to be, an adequate history of Scotland. Few references to authorities are given, even in respect of such a statement as that William the Lion was brought to Henry "with his feet shackled beneath the belly of his horse", although the passage purports to be a quotation. The observation on page 70 that the "community of the realm made some protest which no chronicler has recorded" is curious, and leaves the impression that the author is writing an essay rather than a history.

We presume that Dr. Macmillan has written his "Short History of the Scottish People" for his own satisfaction. His volume, based on recent research, is an attempt to fill a gap between "large histories meant for men of ample leisure and small volumes intended mainly for schools". What the author means by recent research we have not been able to ascertain, for there are no references to MSS. Our impression is that having studied the views of modern historians of greater repute, he propounds a theory that the striking exhibitions of popular energy in the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries were evolutions of an original non-Roman conception of liberty, resulting of course in the extraordinary system which through rebellion and covenants culminated in the Presbyterian Church. In our opinion it is impossible for one completely out of touch with the Christianity of the Middle Ages to write a true history, nor could anyone but a determined Presbyterian discover any similarity of thought and faith between the established religion of Scotland and the Church of Iona.

The principal work in our list is the revised "History of Scotland", containing excellent illustrations and maps, by Dr. Hume Brown—the narrative brought to the year 1910. A system of government whether monarchical or republican conforming with the development of ideas in England and Scotland—and we must now add Ireland—can only be established by compromise and unity based on force. Thus an intimate knowledge of the peoples, of their origin and of the religious and the political path they would follow if separate, is indispensable to wise legislation. Does Dr. Hume Brown's history convey this knowledge better than previous works? We have read his three volumes carefully, and although his history of the seventeenth century based on data acquired as editor of the Minutes of the Privy Council of Scotland is more minute and precise than any we have previously studied, we cannot say that his description of the earlier centuries has added to our knowledge. His references

to authority are meagre, and in place of the overwhelming collection of notes which Dr. Lang placed at the end of each of his chapters, Dr. Hume Brown gives a bibliography at the end of each volume. This is undoubtedly of great value, and is of itself sufficient to make his work essential to any complete library. But we cannot believe that the author has mastered all the volumes he mentions. He refers to minor characters occasionally by wrong names, and his conception of the comparative influence of the dominant families appears to us not the result of a study either of the works in his list or of original records. The one part of his subject on which the author should be beyond criticism is the feudal period from 1100-1500. Dr. Hume Brown is the only person in the United Kingdom who enjoys an endowment for original research, yet nothing that he has attempted can compete in value with the labours of Sir Archibald Laurie. We expected, but in vain, that if the story of the blasphemous use of the Host at the Battle of the Standard was alleged, some authority would be given. On the other hand, the ludicrous story of William the Lion being tied to the belly of a horse is omitted.

Dr. Hume Brown's own opinions on the religious question are not obtruded, but there are slight indications of his anti-Catholic sentiment. He lays stress on the absence of execution for heresy by Protestants, but seems unaware of the belief that the ministers encouraged assassination, and that it was only the resistance of the nobility which averted wholesale murder of Catholics. On the other hand, such a work as "Treason and Plot," by Martin Hume, tending to justify Queen Elizabeth's cruelties is unnoticed. Dr. Hume Brown alone places contemporary kings, particularly those of England and France, at the head of his chapters. Of course he omits the Popes, and, indeed, the reader of all these works will not learn that there ever was a Council of Trent. Presbyterians, perhaps, do not care to know that Queen Mary applied to be represented there as a sovereign, and that her proposal was received with ridicule.

Scottish writers care little for the opinions of other nations. English suzerainty and the glorious Knox (pace Dr. Lang) form their conspicuous themes. We question, however, if any one of them has studied feudal law. Whether the claim of King Edward was right or wrong it was consistently maintained in every detail, and it was based on monastic chronicles only recently made accessible. The attempts to account for undoubted acts of homage by reference to English fiefs do not convince, because feudal law is not discussed. If it is stated that Henry II. refused to knight King Malcolm, and that Edward I. insisted that the Maid of Norway was not to marry without his consent, the legal inferences demand observation, and until the meaning of ward, homage, fealty and conferring of knighthood are clearly explained, no standard history of feudal Scotland will have been written, while if the Scottish nation was Celtic the Maid of Norway was surely not the heir.

Sir Herbert Maxwell in his Rhind lectures supplies in respect of the controversy on Homage much of the matter we have hitherto missed. He has carefully studied the admirable contributions to History of Sir Archibald Laurie; and although in the first lecture he has imitated Dr. Lang's method, and although he has accepted certain stories without, we think, adequate criticism, the whole series of six lectures compose a volume entitled to the highest praise. Exhibiting a remarkable power of analysis and the marshalling of quotations, and expressing himself in the language of a statesman rather than a pedagogue, Sir Herbert states the Scottish repudiation of Homage as forcibly as possible. Nothing better has been or can be said, and no student will obtain a clearer view of the argument on the Scottish side than in this volume. We confess however that the very chronicles largely quoted by the lecturer lead us to a contrary conclusion, because we discount all attempts to justify the proceedings of King Edward I. after 1296, and look rather to the elucidation of tradition. It is curious to observe

that none of the recent Scottish historians mentions the letter of the English Barons to the Pope in 1300, to which that of the Scottish Barons in 1320 was a retort rather than an answer. The contents of the English letter, subjected by Dr. Burton to inimitable satire, refer to a tradition far more ancient than any Norman law. When the nobility of Scotland appealed to Edward as their suzerain they seem to have acted in accordance with a fundamental truth—an *a priori* fact, whether British, Saxon or Norman—that in this island there is but one Basileus or Emperor. Possibly the whole structure of the British Empire is founded on this fact, whether shrouded in myth or expressed in feudal law.

OUT-OF-WORK REMEDIES.

"Unemployment: a Social Study." By B. S. Rowntree and B. Lasker. London: Macmillan. 1912. 5s. net.

THE old fallacy of arguing from the particular to the general is a frequent pitfall for writers on social reform, and we are not sure that Messrs. Rowntree and Lasker have escaped. Knowing intimately York, its trade and conditions of life, they naturally chose their own city for the experiment, and now claim to have made a close examination into every case of unemployment they were able to discover on a certain day in the month of June 1909. Even so, are the results of any use for a general diagnosis of the evil? Mainly a county distributive centre, York is not a populous place, and with the exception of the railway workshops has little else to boast about industrially than its much advertised cheap cocoa and chocolate. The textile, engineering, leather and chemical trades are non-existent. Work for women and girls is plentiful, but neither greatly skilled nor particularly well paid.

The value of the authors' study lies rather in the examination of life-histories from childhood onwards with a view to discovering why so many young men are found unemployed or at merely casual jobs. The inquiry through trained investigators was personal, and where possible direct, but efficient as investigators may be, there must be allowed a large margin for error in all statistics based on personal judgment.

It may be taken as a social axiom nowadays that casual labour is both bad for the individual and wasteful for the community. Bad in that it begets idleness, and wasteful by reason of frequent unemployment. The first and obvious remedy is to deal penally with men who are able to work but either refuse or dodge an offered job. Next, the hopelessly diseased in body or mind should be prevented from propagating their kind. Unfortunately the age is sentimental almost to hysteria and people seem content to scrape gingerly at the surface of social troubles rather than ruthlessly pluck them up by the roots. Yet social reform can never be real until the two classes mentioned are rigidly put on one side and specially treated. How killing an effect on character heredity and early environment may have is clearly evident from the fact that more than half the unemployment in York of youths under nineteen was traced to bad homes and the rest to mental dullness or physical weakness. We must recognise that traditional idleness breeds a caste going on from generation to generation, whose shiftless dislike of any kind of labour is due probably to the street life of our large towns where sharp lads make for the time being an easy and irresponsible living by newspaper-selling, hawking, errand-running and similar blind-alley jobs. Any remedy of use needs be drastic, and may be summed up in labour colonies for the loafer, treatment and where necessary segregation of the mentally and physically unfit, and strict legal regulation of youthful employment. The labour of children in the streets may serve some public convenience, yet the price in the long run is far too dear. Public habits, unless deeply rooted, easily change with circumstances. Surely the quiet kiosk is better than the raucous news-boy. The hawker's barrow is too often a cloak for anything but selling goods. Possibly the errand-runner

and the van-boy are to some extent indispensable, but there is no reason why if a boy is allowed to stop his education early he should not be strictly apprenticed to the job he takes up, if an errand-boy to the trade whose goods he distributes, if a van-minder to the stables his horses come from.

The Rowntree remedy appears to be an extensive system of trade schools, in other words wholesale public apprenticeship. This theory is attractive at first sight, but the authors say far too little about the loss in wages to parents and the heavy increased cost to the community. Already "after-care committees" are doing excellent work in watching over and helping to jobs lads fresh from school. Their efforts would be greatly aided by statutory restriction of certain forms of blind-alley employment and some sanction of discipline. Social work of this kind needs the personal service of educated people of leisure, and if only they could be persuaded to come out and take some personal interest in the children of the masses possibly there would be less talk of Socialism.

The trouble of adult unemployment opens up a far wider question. Ever present it must be with our modern system of international trade competition. But the trouble might so far as unskilled labour is concerned be mitigated by proper allocation of public work. Reservoirs and roads must still be made, lands drained, tracts of country afforested, wastes reclaimed and coasts protected from erosion. Such work is seldom pressing, and there is no reason why it should not be so arranged as to relieve the labour market in the apparently inevitable periods of trade depression. Much too can be done by decasualisation. At present some markets are overcrowded and others almost denuded. With the help of the Labour Exchanges working by selected lists the glut might first be checked and finally got rid of. This task however will be no easy one with the present generation. Casual work is apt to breed a casual mind, and the abortive attempt of the Liverpool shipowners to train their dockers to regular habits shows how much tact will be required to change the habits of a lifetime.

For seasonal unemployment in the staple trades of the country we are all looking to the Insurance Act. At present its efforts must necessarily be tentative, and until the experimental stage is over it is little use offering criticisms.

The Rowntree pet remedy is evidently "Back to the Land", Belgium being cited as an instance of what may be done. But like many other economists our authors have forgotten national training and temperament. The Belgian artisans have never been divorced from country life, and in many cases even when working in a town have continued to live in rural districts. The only country feeling left in our town workers is the love of an occasional picnic. Their interest is fixed in the excitement of the streets, picture shows and football matches. In most towns facilities for daily journeyings from the country are very easy, yet many a worker intensely dislikes the comparative isolation such a life must mean. Nor would the wives care greatly for the change. In the town everything can be bought ready, from the baker's loaf to the fried fish and chipped potatoes, while the country cottage must needs be self-supporting to some extent. We have to face the fact that English life has become strongly urban in taste—unfortunate as it is—and social reform, to be successful, must take the fact into account.

AN INDOLENT HISTORIAN.

"History of Painting." By Haldane MacFall. Vol. VII. London: Jack. 1912. 7s. 6d.

The task Mr. MacFall ostensibly took up when he wrote of "the British Genius before the Coming of Van Dyck" demanded peculiar treatment. The Stuart period is so little explored, and Walpole's "Anecdotes" are so exhausted, as regards their power of yielding information, that a mere casual *réchauffé* of published articles and old catalogue ascriptions is quite futile. Nothing but a first-hand study of

the painters who worked in England from Elizabeth's to George II.'s time could do anything but perpetuate our confusion. Mr. MacFall's indolent plan is nicely calculated to bemuse yet further such of his public as accepts "any vapid statement so long as it is authoritatively droned forth" as a "History of Painting" adorned with the choicest flowers of literary style. No matter that the colour reproductions are intolerably bad, or that the book is strewn with inaccuracies. For it calls Henry VIII. "Bluff King Hal", and Charles II. "The Merry Monarch"; of Lely it inimitably says "Peter was a bright fellow", and of the Restoration women that they could "roll a naughty eye", and that Lely "caught and stated their wanton ways". Such daring originality of phrase, such brilliant literary pearls, and such colour reproductions all for seven-and-six! For the rest, the first part of this volume demonstrates the value of an Art Historian who has no knowledge of his subject (Mr. MacFall seems never to have heard of Vertue's MSS. or the National Portrait Exhibitions of '66-'68), and not even the application to be accurate within his limitations. For example, he gives the Knole portrait of James I. to Mytens, and its repetition in the Portrait Gallery to Van Somer. He says that Janssen left England in 1648, when everyone who has considered the matter knows he left in 1643, and that the old mistake Mr. MacFall revives was due to some bungler's careless copying. He suggests that Dobson was Janssen's pupil, though in no slight particular is there any affinity between the two; and in his list of five portraits by Janssen gives three that are not his. He says that the "Christian IV." at Hampton Court is by Van Somer; it is not even attributed to Van Somer (to whose style it bears no resemblance), but to Van Mander. He states that Lely came to England at Van Dyck's death; and makes the ludicrous assertion that Lely (the most Dutch of Dutchmen all his life) should be considered English in nationality. Apropos of Greenhill he engagingly reveals an entire ignorance. Not only does he entertain Sir W. Armstrong's unfortunate attribution to Greenhill of the Portrait Gallery "Mrs. Middleton", he also believes that the "Charles II." in that collection is by this painter.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

The "Edinburgh Review" for April appears for the last time under the editorship of Mr. Arthur Elliot. The new editor will be Mr. Harold Cox, with whose views we shall no doubt often disagree; but Mr. Cox is the ideal editor to carry on the well-known traditions of Jeffrey's Review. In the present number we have a varied assortment of topical and historical articles. There is a thoughtful survey of the strategic possibilities in the event of a war between Great Britain and Germany. The writer is convinced that the purpose for which the German navy has been created is defence neither of the German coast nor of German trade. Its part will be to prey on British overseas trade, though its operations will be limited by lack of coaling bases; it is not at present strong enough to secure command of the sea with a view to an invasion of England, and Great Britain is safe "unless our statesmen commit themselves to a foolish and adventurous foreign policy, or unless our Admiralty blunders sadly, which we have no grounds for anticipating". In a vigorous article are discussed the alternatives: Home Rule or a United Kingdom. The "Edinburgh's" belief is that Ministers are steering straight for disaster. "That is what breaking up the Union means." To the "Edinburgh" the surrender to Irish Nationalism will end nothing, but will only open the door to fresh difficulties and more embittered antagonisms. Home Rule would carry the break-up of the Constitution begun by the Parliament Act a stage further, and that to meet party necessities. "Better pass a bad Bill than that 'the party' should receive a rebuff", says the Reviewer. "Talk about abolishing the House of Lords! Is the House of Commons also to surrender its high legislative functions, and whilst retaining formally its old place in the Legislature to leave the responsibility and the real business of making and passing great constitutional laws to the Executive Government?"

The "Quarterly" has articles on "Agricultural Labourers and Laidlords", by Mr. R. E. Prothero; on "The Chinese Revolution", by Sir Valentine Chirol; and on the "Coal Strike", by Sir A. B. Markham. Sir Arthur Markham, with intimate knowledge of the mining districts, adopts a judicial and sympathetic tone which will win him the ear of both masters and men. It is idle, he says, to deny that the men have suffered defeat, but their demands were not all unreasonable, and unless the something more is done than is provided by the Minimum Wage Act there may yet be a rude

(Continued on page 564.)

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pany was held within their house in Aberdeen on Wednesday, the 1st May,
1912, when the Directors' Report was presented.

The following is a summary of the report referred to:—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The PREMIUMS received last year amounted to £1,242,975, showing
a decrease of £30,756 in comparison with those of the previous year.

The LOSSES amounted to £668,207, or 53.8 per cent. of the premiums.
The EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT (including commission to agents
and charges of every kind) came to £460,206, or 37.0 per cent. of the
premiums.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

ASSURANCE BRANCHES.—During the year 1,137 Policies were issued
for new assurances, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of £456,308.
These new assurances yielded annual premiums amounting to £16,461, and
single premiums amounting to £1,178.

The TOTAL INCOME of the year from premiums was £286,477, and
from interest £149,122 (less Income Tax).

The CLAIMS amounted to £287,206.

The EXPENSES of MANAGEMENT (including commission) were
limited, in the Life Accounts to 10 per cent., and in the Endowment
Account to 5 per cent. of the premiums received.

ANNUITY BRANCH.—The sum of £75,156 was received for annuities
granted during the year.

The whole FUNDS of the Life Department now amount to £5,118,044.

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

The PREMIUMS received last year were £39,553 in the Employers'
Liability Section, £5,446 in the Accident Section, and £16,031 in the
General Section.

The report having been unanimously adopted, it was resolved: That
the total amount to be distributed amongst the Shareholders for the
year 1911 be £113,000, being interim dividend of 3s. per Share (less
Income Tax) and final dividend of 4s. per Share (less Income Tax) and
bonus of 1s. per Share (less Income Tax).

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Copies of the report, with the whole accounts of the Company for
the year 1911, may be obtained from any of the Company's offices or
agencies.

awakening. Another article in the "Quarterly of immediate importance is an able examination of the Welsh Disestablishment and Disendowment question. The writer shows with elaborate statistics that "the Welsh part of the Church of England cannot be singled out for the secularisation of religious endowments on account of its failure in work as compared with the Church of England as a whole". For those who have not studied the Report of the Royal Commission first-hand, this article will be especially valuable. It brings out the essential facts, and draws the only conclusions which are possible in an honest inquiry.

The "Church Quarterly Review" opens with an article by the Bishop of Colchester on the problem of religious teaching in elementary schools; it is well written, and discusses clearly and fairly a number of schemes, good, bad, and indifferent; but when once we get to details on this question we inevitably get to dullness; the Bishop's article will be useful for reference, but it is not interesting. More successful is Dr. W. Brown in a popular account of Bergson's philosophy: he is both interesting and intelligible, in spite of a tendency towards excessive use of technical terms. Of purely theological articles we have a valuable account of Priscillianism by Dr. Burn, who judges Priscillian to have been an earnest but muddle-headed man, fiercely intolerant of anything he thought heretical, but decidedly Manichean in his own tendencies. Dr. Darwell Stone discusses the question of Modernism of the Creeds; he is, as may be expected, staunchly orthodox himself, but shows patient sympathy with the Modernist position. Mr. E. J. Gwynn gives a delightful account of the early Irish saints, and Dr. Burnley defends the Book of Isaiah against the extravagant criticisms of Professor Kennett, who would put parts of it as late as the Maccabean period. There is only one article on a social subject, and that is sad enough, for it is on "the social evil" in Chicago; if the Report of the Commission lately appointed to examine into the state of affairs in that city be true, things are black indeed there—we would fain hope, blacker than anywhere else; and yet what big city can cast a stone at its fellow? Here in London a few slight alterations in the law could be easily made, and would do much to minimise the evil; and yet the Government, with all its zeal for social reform, will not take the steps to make them.

The "Hibbert Journal" gives us Gospel criticism with a vengeance. Mr. Gilbert maintains that the authentic teaching of our Lord contained in "Q"—that hypothetical document about which critics dogmatise so freely—had nothing regarding His Divinity, His cross, or His resurrection; but this result is obtained by not only accepting Harnack's reconstruction of "Q" as definite, but neglecting the reference to the cross which occurs even in that document. Mr. Robinson Smith in a clever essay shows the probability, if not the certainty, that S. Luke used S. Matthew as well as S. Mark in the composition of his own Gospel; but when he develops his charge that S. Luke falsified, murdered, and mutilated the two earlier accounts in his clumsy attempt to make a third out of them, he will not find many scholars to agree with him. Sir William Ramsay will be amazed; and for ourselves we can only say that we have long pondered over the instances he adduces, and are convinced that, whatever explanation may be right, Mr. Smith's is wrong. Mr. Dillon has a really fine appeal on behalf of personal immortality; but as far as argument goes we fail to see that he establishes anything beyond the probability of a world-soul. Of philosophical articles we would commend Baron Friedrich von Hügel's careful examination of Eucken; we do not know if "Business, Goodness and Imagination", by Mr. G. S. Lee, is meant to be philosophical; at any rate, we cannot understand it. Social problems are discussed by Mr. J. McCabe, who triumphantly claims that modern civilisation is going on from good to better; by Dr. Duff, who challenges the right of the workers to strike, or the employers to lock out, for their own ends; and by Mr. S. P. Grundy, who gives some sound advice as to the good which public school men can do if they have a mind.

Messrs. Constable publish the first number of a new half-annual quarterly magazine, which is to be known as "Bedrock", and is described as a "Quarterly Review of Scientific Thought". It is issued by an Editorial Committee consisting of Sir Bryan Donkin, Dr. E. B. Poulton, Hope Professor of Zoology at Oxford; Dr. Archdall Reid, the well-known writer on evolution and eugenics and heredity; and Dr. H. H. Turner, the Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford; the acting-editor being Mr. H. B. Grylls. It may be inferred from the character of the articles in this number that science as it relates to sociology and to broad human interests, rather than in its technical aspects, will be presented for the information and guidance of educated but not necessarily trained scientific readers. Thus what are, perhaps, the principal articles, "Recent Researches in

Alcoholism", by Dr. Reid; "Darwin and Bergson on the Interpretation of Evolution", by Professor Poulton; and "The Stars in Their Courses", by Professor Turner, being substantially the Halley Lecture for 1911, are such as the editors of the literary and political quarterlies or monthlies somewhat sporadically insert. The articles already mentioned and those on "Social and Sexual Evolution" (which is anonymous under the signature of "The Hermit of Prague" for some not apparent reason), and "Human Evidence of Evolution", by Dr. A. M. Gossage, suggest, as do also the names of the Editorial Committee, that evolution in its inexhaustible variety will be a constant subject-matter in the magazine; and in this may perhaps be found the clue to its not very effective descriptive title of "Bedrock".

Crockford's Clerical Directory. London: Cox. 1912. 20s.

"Crockford" is excellent: well printed, accurate, and complete. There is one new feature this year, a list of the members of the House of Laymen, with their addresses. There are still twelve pages of names of men who have not communicated with the editor for a long time, more than there would be if all the clergy realised that it is their plain duty to give information which they alone possess when it is asked for the benefit of the whole Church. The preface gives a short account of most of the points of interest in the history of the Church last year. The first two pages are a sermon. Is a directory the book to which we should go either for our theology or our history?

For this Week's Books see pages 566 and 568.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Examination June 4th, 5th and 6th. At least Eight Entrance Scholarships, value £80 to £200, and some House Exhibitions will be offered to Candidates who are not already in the College, whether Senior or Junior Department, including James of Hereford Scholarship, value £35 per annum, with preference for boys born, educated or residing in Herefordshire. Also, open to all, three Army Scholarships, two Old Cheltonian Scholarships, one Francis Wylie Scholarship.

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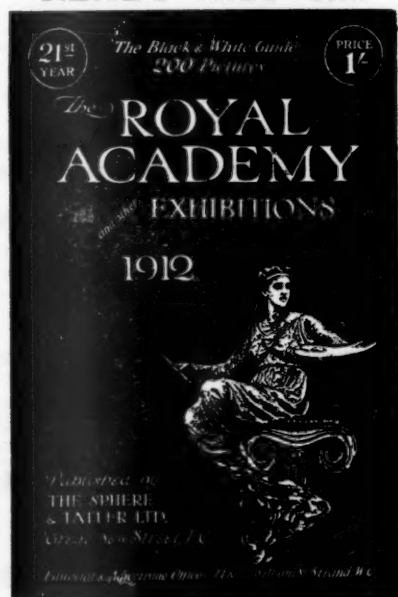
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But to repel this prolonged attack on their rights and liberties, Churchmen have to face an equally prolonged campaign, and for this purpose **Large Funds are Essential**, it being estimated that for the object in view, and **having regard to the far-reaching issues at Stake**, quite **£30,000 is required**. Of this sum, about **£6,000** has already been raised and the appeal is for the balance to be provided at the earliest possible moment.

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(Continued on page 568.)

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Prospectus.

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The General Manager and Secretary (Mr. Samuel J. Pipkin) having read the advertisement convening the meeting, and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: I have now to move: "That the report and accounts be received, approved, and entered on the minutes." Your directors have much pleasure in meeting you again, and in putting before you a report and statement of accounts which I think will be considered quite satisfactory. We have not had a very eventful period in the year just passed, but we regret to say that, in common with many other companies, we are unable to give you such a good return or report as we did last year. You are aware that on the last occasion we were enabled to give you an unexpectedly and exceptionally good report, and you will remember also that at that time we did not encourage you to expect a similarly good return for 1911; but, as I have said, the present statement, on the whole, must be considered quite satisfactory, and I, for one, shall be quite pleased if we can show you such a good result every year, and feel justified in declaring a dividend at the increased rate last year, viz., 6s. per share, or 25 per cent. on the paid-up capital. Referring first to the life department, you will see, if you refer to your report, that the business has been fairly well maintained. The number of new policies shows a slight increase. After re-issuing our surplus amounts, the net new sums assured show a slight increase on those of 1910. The claims by death show a total of £151,000, as compared with £142,000 odd in the previous year, and are still well within the expectations of mortality. The amount of claims other than by death—that is, by maturity of endowment policies—was considerably larger. This, however, as you are aware, is not detrimental to the Company's profits or its soundness, and shows the growing favour with which policies payable at fixed dates are regarded. There is an item in the account of written-off securities, £2,507, and in these days of depreciation of securities I think it is a subject for congratulation that the amount is not larger. The result of the year's operations in the life department shows an addition to the funds of £27,000, bringing them up to £2,113,216, invested in sound securities, which stand in the balance-sheet at amounts in the aggregate below their market value. With regard to the fire fund, I am glad to say that our premium income is practically maintained, in spite of the largely-increased number of companies competing for fire business as compared with a year or two ago. The premiums amount to over £1,040,000. The result of the year's transactions, however, as I said before, does not compare very favourably with that of the previous year, and this is the experience of others engaged in the business. Fires seem to have been above the normal in nearly every part of the world, and our losses have reached 53.9 per cent. of the premiums—a rate which, however, is not excessive. We still, however, show the substantial underwriting profit of £29,300, and, after transferring the sum of £30,700 to the profit and loss account, the fire fund is raised to over £1,066,500, and I am very pleased to call your attention to the fact that this places us in the sound position of raising that fund to a larger amount than our premium income. I am pleased to say that the proprietors' securities in the aggregate stand in the balance-sheet below their market value, and there is no depreciation to be provided for.

The various branches of accident business show some increase in the premiums—namely, £32,000, compared with £25,300 in 1910. In view of the circumstances of this class of business, we have deemed it necessary to increase the estimate for outstanding claims, especially since, when cases under a very indefinite Act of Parliament do come into the Courts, the sympathies of judges and juries still tend in favour of the claimants. Rates, however, I am pleased to say, have been somewhat raised, and I hope we shall reap some benefit from this. The small profit made on these branches of the business has been left to increase the accident funds. The sinking fund and capital redemption account shows an increase in the fund of £10,300 on the year, and this surplus is left in the fund for the time being. If you will turn to the profit and loss account, you will notice that the interest on the proprietors' assets—that is, excepting the life and sinking fund interests—amounts to £45,996, or, with the commission on the life business, to over £51,000, and you will notice that, after paying certain special expenses, income tax on profits, and interest on Debenture stock, there is left a sum of £26,000 for dividend. This provides for 6s. per share, the same as last year, which the directors have declared as the dividend for 1911. The proposed purchase of the Essex and Suffolk Equitable Insurance Society's shares, authorised at the extraordinary court of July 28 and August 15, has been carried out, and the process of rearranging the business is now proceeding. A certain amount of unsuitable business is being eliminated, and certain alterations made, and the actual result of the working will not be evident just yet, but your directors still believe that the acquisition will prove to have satisfactory results for this Company. I think that, on the whole, the shareholders may be congratulated on the present position and prospects of the Company, in spite of the ever-increasing keenness of the competition they have to encounter. I may, perhaps, point out to the shareholders that they might be of material benefit to themselves if they would take advantage of any opportunities that might occur of assisting the extension of the Company's business, even by furnishing the General Manager with the names and addresses of any persons with whom he could usefully place himself in communication. I may again call your attention to how much the present position of the Company is due to the whole-hearted devotion to the interests of the Company of the General Manager, ably supported by the managers and actuaries, and also, I may add, the local directors and trustees. Their example is cordially supported by the whole of the staff of the Company at home and abroad, and the thanks of the shareholders are largely due to this cause for the present position of the Company. I do not know whether the shareholders have any questions to ask on the accounts before them. If so, I shall be very pleased to answer them. In the meantime I will move: "That the report and accounts be received, approved, and entered on the minutes."

The Deputy-Chairman (Mr. Francis Alexander Johnston) seconded the motion, and it was unanimously agreed to.

The Chairman: I have now to report that the dividend declared, as set out on the face of the report just passed—that is, the balance dividend, after deducting the 2s. paid in October—will be paid to the proprietors or to their order on and after to-morrow. The dividend warrants will be posted to-night. I now propose the re-election of the retiring directors. Mr. Henry John Gardiner, Mr. Francis Alexander Johnston, Mr. Oswald Cecil Magniac, and Mr. Eugene Frederick Noel.

Sir John Deacon-Pender, K.C.M.G., seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The Chairman: I referred just now to the services rendered by the General Manager, the Managers, the Actuaries and staff, and I should like to move at this meeting, formally, a vote of thanks for their exertions on behalf of the Company.

The Deputy-Chairman briefly expressed his pleasure at seconding the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. G. E. Cockram said: As no shareholder has got up to speak, I would not like to resume my seat without saying how very much we congratulate you, the General Manager, to whom special reference was made, and the actuaries, Mr. Cross, and all those officials of the Company in England and abroad, for the magnificent accounts and report—for they are really magnificent—which you have laid before us to-day.

The General Manager and Secretary thanked the meeting on behalf of the staff for the resolution of thanks to them, and the proceedings terminated.

ELDER DEMPSTER & COMPANY.

THE Annual Meeting of Elder Dempster and Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday, Sir Owen Philipps, K.C.M.G., Chairman of the company, presiding.

The Chairman said: Although this is only the second annual meeting since the company was incorporated as a limited company, it is just 45 years since the business was founded by Mr. Alexander Elder, brother of the famous Clyde shipbuilder, and Mr. John Dempster. The business has continued to expand and prosper, and, although originally only connected with West Africa, its ramifications are now so far-reaching and its interests so general that, notwithstanding the fact that the West African trade has been adversely affected by the high cost of working, including the increase in the cost of wages, labour, &c., the earnings of the company in other parts of the world have more than offset the shrinkage in the profits in West Africa. This company, although usually described as a shipping company, would really be more correctly described as a large investment company, as it owns shipping, industrial, and general investments of a total value of over £2,800,000, on which the dividends amounted last year to £180,000, and if this was realised by the public I feel confident that it would not long be possible to purchase the 5 per cent. Preference shares at their present price. As you are aware, your directors, since the end of last year, have purchased, in conjunction with the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, practically the whole of the Ordinary capital of the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company, Ltd., and, seeing that this company has been closely associated with the shipping trade of Africa for over 40 years, we are of opinion that this purchase will still further strengthen the position of the company. This purchase, which was made on a cash basis, was satisfactorily completed on April 18, and you will no doubt be glad to hear that, notwithstanding the fact that it involved a single payment of over £5,000,000 sterling in cash, this company does not owe one single penny to its bankers either in connection with that transaction or any other. In order to keep pace with the development of the passenger trade with West Africa the Board are having built two passenger steamers with improved passenger accommodation for the express service from Liverpool, which I believe will be highly appreciated by those whose business takes them to the West Coast. Among the assets of the late Sir Alfred Jones which this company took over were shares in two collieries in South Wales which were incurring a heavy annual loss. In fact, the total loss on working these collieries for the ten years prior to the reorganisation of the present colliery company was no less than £345,000, and the question as to whether we should at once permanently close the collieries—thus throwing a large number of men out of work—or endeavour to put them on a commercial basis, had to be seriously considered. We decided to adopt the latter course, and I am pleased to say that, in spite of the number of practical difficulties which had to be overcome, the collieries have ceased to lose money, and in fact during the past year made, for the first time in their history, a small profit. Since the end of the financial year we have made an issue of £1,000,000 5 per cent. "A" debenture stock at £84, but in order at once to put our capital account right we have decided to set aside, out of the profits for the year, a sum of £60,000, to write off the whole of the discount on these "A" debentures, besides adding £50,000 to the general reserve, instead of only £15,000 as provided for by the articles of association. Shareholders will realise from these figures that the directors are husbanding their resources, and the company is well prepared, with its large reserve funds, to meet any competition from whatever quarter it may come, as, while they have no desire to interfere with anyone's business, the shareholders may rest assured that the Board will always take whatever steps may be necessary to maintain the company's position in the various trades all over the world in which the company's steamers are employed.

Mr. C. E. Davies seconded the adoption of the report and accounts and the payment of a dividend of 8 per cent., less income tax, and the resolution was carried unanimously.

ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET.

THE Annual General Meeting of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company was held on Wednesday, Sir Owen Philipps, K.C.M.G. (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. C. E. Davies) read the notices.

The Chairman said: It is just nine years since I was appointed chairman of the Company, and I again have to report a record of steady progress. At the first annual meeting at which I presided, when there was no dividend and very little for depreciation, more than one shareholder suggested that it would be better to wind up the Company and sell the ships. I then requested you to give the Board reasonable time, as I felt convinced that, with your support, the Company could be restored to a sound position. It has been very hard work, but it has been very interesting work, and with the loyal support of an able staff we have at last restored the Company to the front rank of shipping companies. I have always recognised that to be successful a shipping company must be financially strong, and we have made it our first consideration to provide for the depreciation of the fleet, but we have not omitted to add to the insurance fund, which now amounts to £300,000, which I believe is the largest in the history of the Company, and a few years ago we established a reserve fund, which already amounts to the substantial figure of £120,000, or together, £420,000, and this is exclusive of the large funds which are held in reserve by subsidiary companies in which we are interested. We have been criticised by some for not recommending a larger dividend than 5 per cent. As you are aware, we recently acquired one half interest in the Ordinary shares of the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company (Limited), and we believe that this acquisition will not only extend our influence, but that it will still further strengthen the Company's position, and I hope that it may lead to the trade between South Africa and the Mother Country, which the Union-Castle Company has in the past done so much to develop, being not only maintained, but greatly increased both in volume and value. We are holding the annual meeting this year somewhat earlier than usual, as I am leaving for South Africa on Saturday next, in order not only to make the personal acquaintance of the members of the South African Government and South African shippers, but also to learn by inquiry on the spot what are the wants and requirements of the great South Continent, with the future development of which the Union-Castle Line is so closely bound up. The trade with South America, with which this Company is so closely associated, continues to expand, and to meet the growing requirements of our South American service our new mail steamer *Arlanza*, which is rather larger than the *Asturias*, will shortly take her place in the mail line from Southampton to Buenos Aires. You may be interested to know that during the nine years I have had the steamer employed in your West India mail line service earned their full depreciation and a small balance over towards payment of interest on the capital invested in the business. The work on the Panama Canal is steadily proceeding, and it is possible that the Canal may be opened in the latter part of next year, and in any case it will be formally opened—barring accidents—on January 1, 1915. When it is opened your directors propose to develop the Company's valuable connections both in the North and South Pacific. The past year has been an anxious one for those in control of large undertakings, owing to the state of unrest in the labour world, but we have endeavoured to deal with each difficulty as it has arisen in a broad and reasonable spirit, and although the in-

crease in the cost of working the steamers has been somewhat considerable, the financial result of the year has been satisfactory. In view of the developments in the Company's business, the court of directors petitioned the King's Most Excellent Majesty for a further supplemental charter, to confer upon the Company additional powers, including an increase of capital, and I am gratified to be able to report that His Majesty at a Council held on March 28 last approved of the grant to the Company of a new supplemental charter. Both this country and America have been deeply stirred by that appalling calamity which has brought vividly home to us that accidents will occur notwithstanding the greatest care and forethought of both shipbuilders and shipowners; but as public attention has been directed especially to the question of the provision of ample boats, I think it will be of interest not only to the proprietors, but also to those who travel by our steamers, for you to know that at the time of the Titanic calamity every Royal Mail steamer in every part of the world was provided with sufficient boats to accommodate every person on board, both passengers and crew. I have now much pleasure in moving: "That the report of the directors and the accounts and balance sheet, submitted to this meeting, be and the same are hereby received and adopted, and that a dividend of 2½ per cent., less income-tax (making with the interim dividend 5 per cent. for the year, be and the same is hereby declared on the Preference stock; and that a dividend of 5 per cent., less income-tax, be and the same is hereby declared on the Ordinary stock."

The Deputy-Chairman (Mr. Alfred S. Williams) seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

A cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman, directors, and staff terminated the proceedings.

CALLENDER'S CABLE AND CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.

THE Sixteenth Annual General Meeting of the Callender's Cable and Construction Company, Ltd., was held on Thursday, Sir J. Fortescue Flannery, Bt., M.P., presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Walter Allnutt, F.S.A.A.) read the notice convening the meeting.

Sir J. Fortescue Flannery, having expressed his regret that Mr. Henry Drake, the Chairman of the company, was too unwell to be present, said that the report was, he thought they would agree, of a satisfactory character. They had had some difficulties in the past year in regard to transport, but owing to the conveniences which they possessed at their works at Erith they did not suffer in so large a degree from that cause as some other manufacturers. The company's Colonial trade had been good, and they were doing their best to foster the friendly sentiment that existed between Colonial customers and the Motherland. In the United Kingdom they had customers of at least two generations' standing, many of them public authorities, and there was every sign of the continuance of the best feeling between them. The business was being extended in various parts of the world, and they had just taken a very large contract in Japan which they hoped might be followed by others, as Japan was opened up in the matter of electrical enterprise. Dealing with the accounts, he said that the profit had risen from £66,325 a year ago to £84,781 in the present accounts, and stated that it was proposed to pay a dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum and a bonus of 5s. per share, both less income tax, leaving £58,000 odd to be carried forward. He pointed out that nothing was charged in the balance sheet for goodwill and patents, and, continuing, said that the good results obtained were primarily due to their managing director and to the able staff who worked under him. He moved the adoption of the report.

Mr. C. H. McEuen seconded the motion.

Mr. T. O. Callender (the managing director) said that he thought the results obtained in 1911 must be considered favourable. There had been immense difficulties to contend against, such as the railway strike and other manifestations of labour unrest. In order to secure the results shown in the report they had had to extend their operations on every side, and at the present time they had their own men working in Germany, in Belgium, in Italy, and in a few days they would be starting an important contract in Spain. In addition, they carried on work in Australia, South Africa, South America, and last, but not least, in India, where they had their own office and practically a completely equipped branch. With regard to the contract in Japan, to which reference had been made by the Chairman, he said it was a very large one. He could not say that it would be very profitable, as the Japanese had the unfortunate knack of leaving but little profit to manufacturers. Nevertheless, it was one that was quite satisfactory in the circumstances, and he hoped that it would result in adding a fair amount to the profit shown in the next balance sheet. They were devoting at the present time a great deal of attention to China, where they had already established certain relations. It was probable that business of the class in which they were engaged would not be of any importance in China for some years, but it was no good waiting until business matured, and somebody else had created a good name in the country, before making a move. As to the current year, he said that the first three months had not been at all unsatisfactory. The volume of trade had been quite good, and they had a considerable amount of orders in hand.

The resolution was carried unanimously. On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. John Varley, a dividend of 10 per cent. and a bonus of 5 per cent., making 15 per cent. for the year, was declared.

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